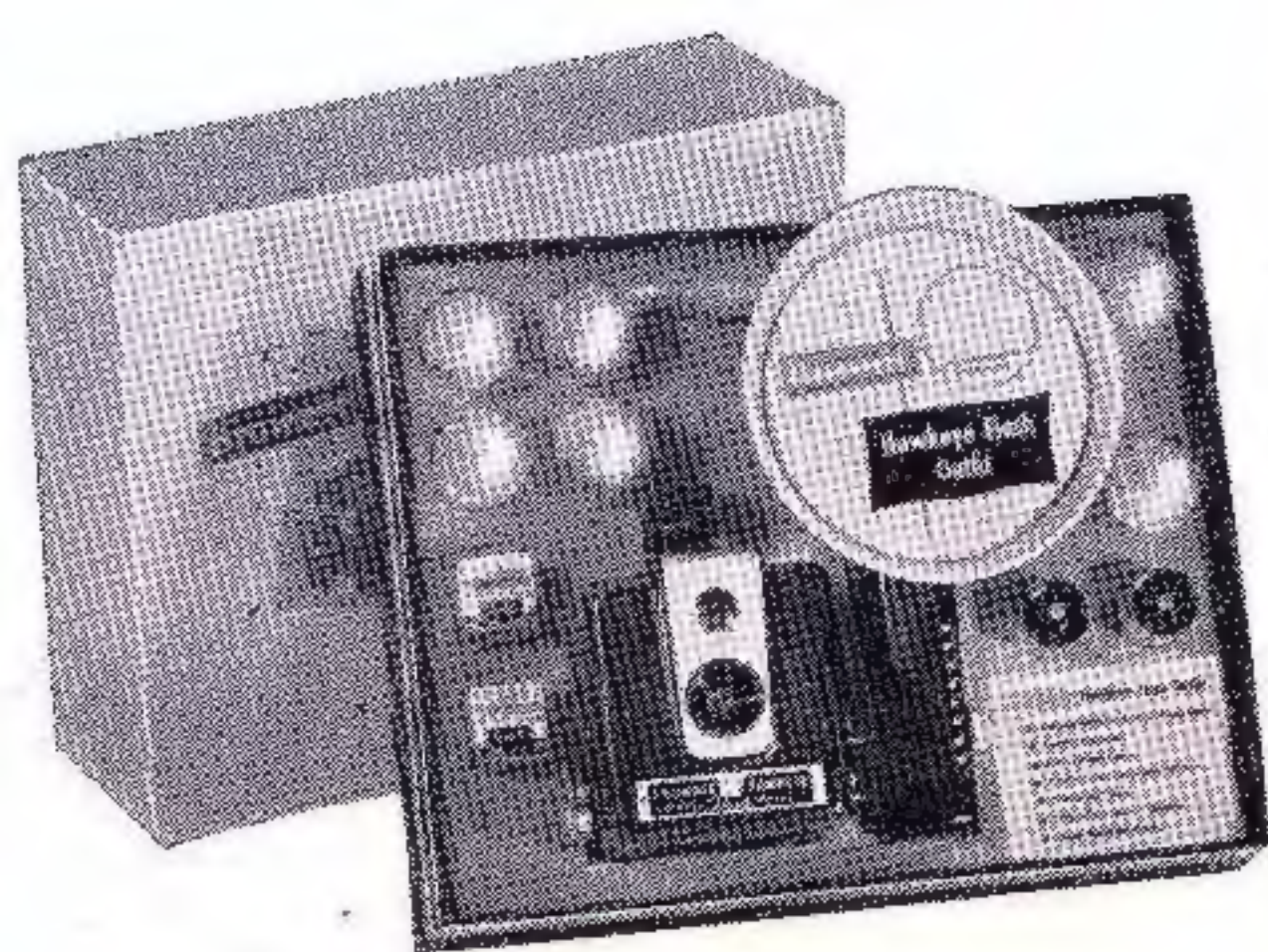






Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit. Here you get the Brownie Hawkeye Camera, (flash model with shutter that sets off the flash), film, flash bulbs, batteries, flashholder and instruction booklets. It's all set to go—just load, aim and shoot. \$13.75 complete.

Brownie Hawkeye Camera, flash model, alone \$7.45 (Flashholder extra, \$3.95).

Loads of fun ahead with gifts like these

The fun goes on—and on—when the gift is a Kodak Camera—especially when it arrives complete with a flash outfit.

For it means you can take swell snapshots of holiday fun—of sports, friends, vacation and everything else.

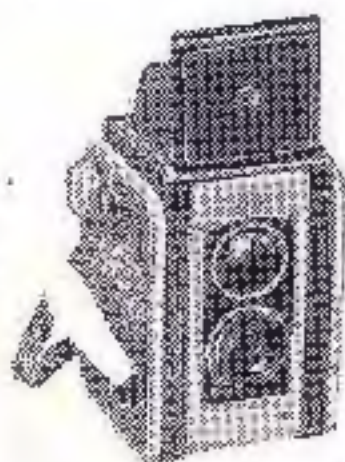
It means you can get them indoors or out—in black-and-white or in full, sparkling color.

One of these Kodak Cameras as a gift will make it a wonderful Christmas. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak Duaflex Flash Outfit.

This kit gives you the twin lens reflex-type camera with the Kodar *f*/8 Lens and big hooded viewfinder. With it come flash bulbs, batteries, flashholder and instruction booklets. \$29.25.

Kodak Duaflex II Camera alone with Kodet Lens \$14.95. With focusing Kodar *f*/8 Lens \$22.95.



Prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.

The Kodak Pony Cameras—for those who set their sights on more advanced cameras—convenient minatures in two sizes, the Pony 828 (Bantam) \$32.00, the Pony "35" (35mm) \$36.75. For color enthusiasts.

Kodak
TRADE MARK

SUPERMAN

MANY AND VARIED ARE THE TROPHIES OF SUPERMAN'S PAST DEEDS, MAGNIFICENT MEMENTOS OF THE MAN OF STEEL'S PERPETUAL STRUGGLE TO AID MANKIND! YET, WHEN A FAMED ADVENTURER TOOK A STRANGE INTEREST IN THEM, IT SEEMED TO SUPERMAN THAT THESE GLORIOUS RELICS OF HIS HEROIC DEEDS THREATENED HIS VERY EXISTENCE AND HE TOOK DRASTIC STEPS TO COMBAT THE MENACE OF THE MAN WHO WOULD LEARN THE SECRET OF...

"SUPERMAN'S HALL OF TROPHIES!"

Best Wishes, Superman.

HANDWRITING IN THE WALL
SUPERMAN'S
SIGNATURE ENGRAVED
IN MARBLE WITH HIS
FINGER!
DEDICATION DATE OF
TROPHY ROOM 9

LAMP POST USED
AS HANDCUFFS
BY
SUPERMAN
IN CAPTURING
WILTON GAMB
1-11-49

SUPERMAN TROPHY ROOM IV

METROPOLIS
MUSEUM

WH-WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
SUPERMAN?
HE... HE'S
DESTROYING
THE TROPHIES
OF HIS PAST
EXPLOITS!

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ONE DAY, AS DAILY PLANET REPORTER CLARK KENT, SECRETLY **SUPERMAN**, COVERS A NEWS EVENT AT METROPOLIS AIRPORT...

THAT MUST BE HIS PLANE NOW!

YEH--THAT'S IT ALL RIGHT! STEFAN ANDRIESSEN--THE GREATEST EXPLORER AND ADVENTURER OF OUR TIMES RETURNING AFTER A YEAR IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA! WHAT A YARN THIS IS GOING TO MAKE!

SHOW YOUR PASSES, LET ME SEE YOUR PRESS CARDS!

I WANT A PICTURE OF WHAT'S IN THAT VALISE! I HEAR IT CONTAINS A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF PRECIOUS RELICS FOUND IN AN EGYPTIAN TOMB!

HEY, FELLAS... QUIT SHOVING!

SUDDENLY...

HAND OVER THAT VALISE, MISTER... OR ELSE!

IT'S A BLUFF, MR. ANDRIESSEN! THEY HAVEN'T ANY GUNS ON THEM!

OOOPS! I SLIPPED THAT TIME! ONLY X-RAY VISION COULD REVEAL THAT THEY'RE UNARMED -- AND I DON'T WANT ANYONE GETTING THE IDEA THAT CLARK KENT HAS X-RAY VISION!

THEY HAVEN'T GOT ANY GUNS--BUT I HAVE! IF ANYONE TRIES TO INTERFERE, I'LL PLUG HIM!

WHEW! SOMETHING NEW IN CRIME! CROOKS WITH AIR SUPPORT YET!

NO ONE WILL NOTICE MY SLIP IN THIS EXCITEMENT!

NOW TO TAKE FURTHER ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION AND SWITCH TO MY IDENTITY AS SUPERMAN IN THIS EMPTY SHACK!

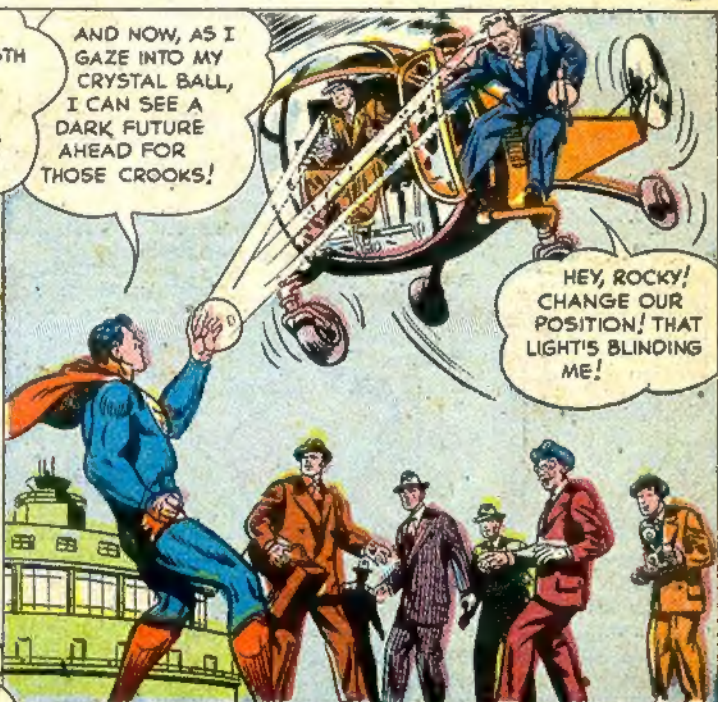
UNNOTICED, THE MAN OF STEEL REPLACES MILD, MEEK CLARK KENT, AND...

HMM... IF I GO FOR THEM, THEY MAY FIRE AT ME, AND HIT SOMEONE ELSE. IT'LL BE SIMPLER TO USE A HANDFUL OF THIS EARTH!

CAREFUL, SUPERMAN!... THAT CARD... YOU'RE MAKING ANOTHER SLIP... AND A MUCH MORE DANGEROUS ONE!



SAND SQUEEZED
WITH ALL MY STRENGTH
BECOMES MOLTEN
SILICON, WHICH I
CAN SHAPE INTO A
PURE GLASS SPHERE!



AND NOW, AS I
GAZE INTO MY
CRYSTAL BALL,
I CAN SEE A
DARK FUTURE
AHEAD FOR
THOSE CROOKS!

HEY, ROCKY!
CHANGE OUR
POSITION! THAT
LIGHT'S BLINDING
ME!

SCANT SECONDS LATER...

THAT'S FUNNY!
I KEEP
GIVING HER
ALTITUDE,
AND SHE
KEEPS
GOING
DOWN!

YIPES!
IT... IT
ISN'T
FUNNY!
IT'S
SUPERMAN!

BETTER
NOT FIRE,
PAL. THE
BULLETS
MIGHT
BOUNCE BACK
AND HURT
YOU!



A LITTLE LATER... AFTER SUPERMAN HAS DISPOSED OF
THE CROOKS AND RESUMED HIS EVERYDAY IDENTITY...

YOU'VE ALREADY SCALED THE WORLD'S
HIGHEST PEAKS, PLUMMETED THE GREATEST
DEPTHS OF THE SEAS, AND PENETRATED THE
WILDEST JUNGLES, MR. ANDRIESSEN. WHAT
ARE YOU PLANNING FOR YOUR **NEXT
ADVENTURE?**

I... I
DON'T
KNOW,
MR. KENT--



HMM... WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO
ANDRIESSEN?
HE... HE
LOOKS DAZED!

MAYBE HE'S
JEALOUS OF
SUPERMAN
FOR STEALING
THE LIMELIGHT
AT HIS HOME-
COMING!

I HAD INTENDED
TO SEARCH FOR
THE LOST CONTINENT
ATLANTIS, BUT
NOW... I... I
DON'T KNOW, I...
I'LL HAVE TO
THINK!

NEXT DAY, AS ANDRIESSEN'S PUZZLING
BEHAVIOR IS DISCUSSED IN NEWSPAPER
OFFICES THROUGHOUT TOWN...

CLARK... I JUST GOT WORD
THAT ANDRIESSEN HAS
CANCELLED ALL HIS PLANS
AND IS EMBARKING ON A
STRANGE SECRETE ADVENTURE!
HE WON'T TELL A SOUL
WHAT IT IS!

WHAT
A
CHANCE
FOR A
SCOOP!

WAIT FOR
ME, LOIS!
THAT'S
MY
ASSIGN-
MENT!



AT ANDRIESEN'S HOTEL, WHERE REPORTERS HAVE FLOCKED LIKE BEES TO A HIVE, ANOTHER STRANGE OCCURRENCE TAKES PLACE...

SORRY! MR. ANDRIESEN WILL SEE ONLY THE REPORTER FROM THE **DAILY PLANET!**

WHY, THAT'S **ME!**

STEP ASIDE, CLARK. I CAN HANDLE HIM BETTER THAN YOU... AND WE MUST THINK OF THE WELFARE OF THE PAPER, NOT OUR OWN PERSONAL GLORY!

B...BUT...



EXCUSE ME, MISS... BUT MR. ANDRIESEN SPECIFIED THAT HE WANTS TO SEE MR. CLARK KENT!

HMMPH! WHAT NERVE! WELL, I'LL GET THAT STORY **WITHOUT AN INTERVIEW!** YOU'LL SEE! CLARK ISN'T GOING TO SCOOP **ME!**

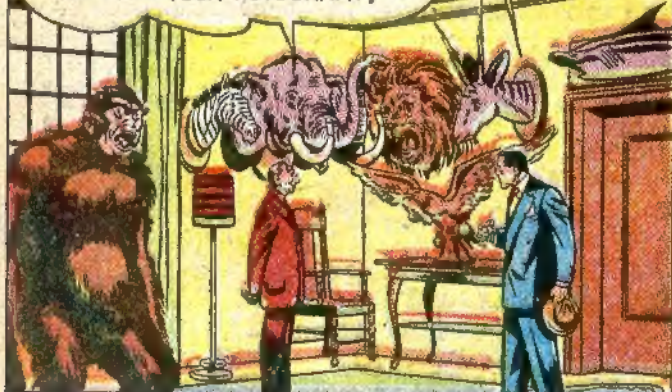
WHY...ER... I...ER... CERTAINLY.



MOMENTS LATER... INSIDE THE FAMOUS MAN'S STUDY...

YOU WANT **MY** AUTOGRAPH? WHY... ER... OF COURSE.

AAAH... MR. KENT. DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU. I'VE BEEN AN ADMIRER OF YOURS FOR YEARS, I WONDER -- WOULD YOU LET ME HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?



AH, I'LL... OOPS... OH DEAR! I'M AWFULLY SORRY, MR. KENT! PLEASE FORGIVE ME, LET ME CLEAN YOUR GLASSES AT ONCE! YOU CAN WASH UP IN THE CORNER THERE!

WH-WHAT?



...AND BESIDES, WE DIDN'T EVEN **START** THE INTERVIEW, I THOUGHT YOU'D GIVE ME SOME HINT ABOUT YOUR PLANS!

I **HAVE**, MR. KENT--A **VERY BIG HINT!** AND NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME. I'M REALLY A **VERY BUSY MAN!**

HERE YOU ARE, MR. KENT. GOOD AS NEW, I'LL HAVE TO END OUR LITTLE INTERVIEW NOW, I'M VERY BUSY WITH PLANS FOR MY NEW ADVENTURE!

B-BUT YOU DIDN'T EVEN GET MY AUTOGRAPH, AND...



I DON'T GET IT! EITHER ANDRIESSEN'S COMPLETELY MAD, OR MY SUPER BRAINS ARE ESPECIALLY DULL TODAY!



HOWEVER, SOME DAYS LATER, ANDRIESSEN'S BEHAVIOR BEGINS TO MAKE SENSE TO THE STARTLED CLARK...

HMM... MY GLASSES SEEM A LITTLE SNUG LATELY, WONDER IF... WAIT... THESE AREN'T MY GLASSES... BUT A CLEVER COPY OF THEM! ANDRIESSEN MUST HAVE SWITCHED THEM! I... I'D BETTER SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO AT ONCE!



USING HIS REMARKABLE TELESCOPIC VISION, CLARK'S GAZE TRAVELS MILES TO PEEP INTO THE EXPLORER'S HOME...

TH-THAT GLASS BALL I USED TO BLIND THE CROOK WITH-- IT...IT... HAS **CLARK KENT'S PRESS CARD EMBEDDED IN IT!** I...I MUST HAVE CARELESSLY DROPPED IT ON THE GROUND, THEN MOLDED IT INTO THE SPHERE! ANDRIESSEN MUST HAVE PICKED IT UP AND GOTTEN THE IDEA THAT I'M SUPERMAN!



WHY... HE... HE'S GATHERED ALL SORTS OF TROPHIES OF MY PAST ADVENTURES... THAT BULLET THAT HIT ME AND FLATTENED... A SWORD THAT WAS THRUST AT ME... THAT PIECE OF COAL I ONCE COMPRESSED INTO A DIAMOND!



AND THERE ARE MY GLASSES -- THEIR CLEAR LENSES ARE EVIDENCE THAT CLARK KENT DOESN'T NEED EYEGGLASSES! THAT WAS THE HINT HE WAS GIVING ME-- THAT BY TAKING MY GLASSES, HE SUSPECTED I WAS SUPERMAN AND WAS PLANNING TO PROVE IT!



NO WONDER HE'S KEEPING IT SECRET! HE NEVER FAILED BEFORE AND HE'S WAITING TILL HE GATHERS CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE BEFORE HE COMPLETES HIS GREATEST ADVENTURE-- DISCOVERING THE IDENTITY OF SUPERMAN, I... I... MUST SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO NOW!



ONCE AGAIN, AS THE MAN OF STEEL USES HIS AMAZING TELESCOPIC VISION...

HE...HE'S IN THE FOREST OF TWISTED TREES... STRANGE MEMENTO OF ONE OF MY EARLIER EXPLOITS...AND THAT SPLASH OF COLOR ON THE TRUNK...IT'S MORE PROOF THAT CLARK KENT AND SUPERMAN ARE THE SAME PERSON!



"I REMEMBER THAT DAY YEARS AGO WHEN I WAS SENT TO GET A STORY ON THE NEW COLOR PROCESS DEVELOPED BY RUBITAN COMPANY..."

HERE IT IS, MR. KENT-- **PINK SUNSET!** A BRAND-NEW COLOR TONE...NEVER DEVELOPED BEFORE. MADE FROM A SECRET FORMULA, IT CAN NEVER FADE, AND WILL SET THE FASHION WORLD AGOG!



HHMM...VERY INTERESTING!

"SUDDENLY I HEARD AN OMINOUS SOUND..."

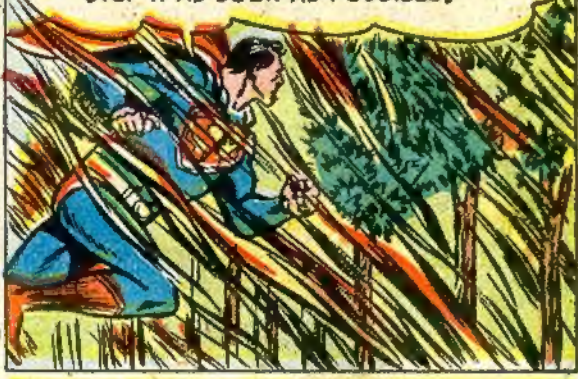
(THAT STRANGE CRACKLING SOUND IN THE DISTANCE... PICKED UP BY MY SUPER-HEARING! MUST BE A FIRE. I'D BETTER LEAVE... AND INVESTIGATE AS SUPERMAN AT ONCE!) I...ER...HAVE TO CATCH AN EARLY TRAIN, MR. SMITHERS!

GO AHEAD, AND TAKE IT WITH YOU, SHOW IT TO YOUR FASHION EDITOR!



"MOMENTS LATER FOUND ME AT THE SCENE OF A ROARING FOREST BLAZE..."

EVERY MINUTE, IT CONSUMES THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF TIMBER... HAVE TO STOP IT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO DO... CIRCLE UPWARD IN RAPID SPIRALS AND CREATE A DRAFT THAT WILL SWEEP THE FLAMES BEHIND ME INTO THE SKY!



"THE RAPIDLY TWISTING CURRENTS OF AIR DISTORTED THE SAPLINGS INTO STRANGE SHAPES SO THAT EVER SINCE IT HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE **FOREST OF TWISTED TREES!**"



"WHEN I RETURNED TO THE OFFICE AS CLARK KENT..."

WHERE'S THAT VIAL OF SUNSET PINK THAT SMITHERS GAVE YOU, CLARK? HE JUST PHONED ME--THE PRODUCT'S BEEN CONDEMNED AS INJURIOUS, AND EVERY DROP OF IT MUST BE DESTROYED!

GOSH, CHIEF... IT'S PROBABLY DESTROYED ALREADY. I LOST IT IN THE FOREST... I MEAN...ER... ON THE WAY HOME!

HMM... THE ONLY BIT OF THAT UNIQUE COLOR EVER TO LEAVE THE FACTORY WAS TAKEN OUT BY **CLARK KENT**...AND DISCOVERED WHERE **SUPERMAN** APPEARED ONLY SECONDS LATER... MORE EVIDENCE TO LINK SUPERMAN WITH CLARK KENT!



THE SECRET OF MY IDENTITY IS TOO VALUABLE TO BE ENTRUSTED TO ANYONE OTHER THAN MYSELF. ALTHOUGH ANDRIESSEN HAS NEVER FAILED IN ANYTHING HE'S ATTEMPTED BEFORE, I MUST SEE THAT HE FAILS NOW!

ER... PERRY... I THINK I KNOW ANDRIESSEN'S SECRET PLANS. CAN I HAVE THE NEXT FEW DAYS TO WORK ON MY HUNCH?

YOU BET, CLARK, AND A BONUS IF YOU CRACK IT! WE'LL SCOOP EVERY PAPER IN TOWN!



SECONDS LATER, CLARK SWITCHES TO SUPERMAN AND, IN MERE MOMENTS, VISITS THE SCENES OF THOUSANDS OF PAST EXPLOITS!

HMM... THE GIGANTIC POT I MADE WHEN I ACTED AS CHEF AT LAST YEAR'S OFFICE PICNIC... NOTHING HERE THAT CAN CONNECT ME WITH CLARK KENT!

AND THE TABLE IN THE SKY I BUILT WHEN DR. ERLON, THE FAMOUS SURGEON, HAD TO PERFORM AN EMERGENCY OPERATION ON A PATIENT WHO WAS TOO ILL TO BE FLOWN DOWN FROM A MOVING PLANE... NOTHING THERE TO IMPLICATE CLARK KENT!

AND THIS GIGANTIC LYRE... PLAYED BY THE WINDS THAT MOAN THROUGH THE HILLSIDE... I MADE IT FOR THE NATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL... NOTHING TO INCRIMINATE ME HERE!



AND, AFTER SUPERMAN VISITS EACH MEMENTO OF HIS PAST...

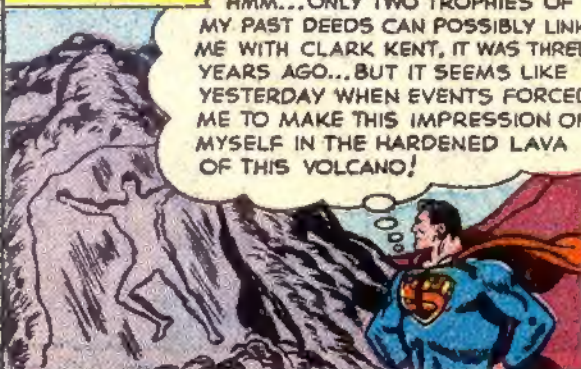
HMM... ONLY TWO TROPHIES OF MY PAST DEEDS CAN POSSIBLY LINK ME WITH CLARK KENT, IT WAS THREE YEARS AGO... BUT IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY WHEN EVENTS FORCED ME TO MAKE THIS IMPRESSION OF MYSELF IN THE HARDENED LAVA OF THIS VOLCANO!

"LOIS AND I WERE COVERING A PRESIDENTIAL RALLY IN THE LITTLE MEXICAN TOWN OF ALAZITA, WHEN..."

SENOR, SENORITA... FLEE! OLD HETZALQUALT BREATHES FIRE!

CLARK! WAIT! WAIT FOR ME!

THERE'S NO HOPE FOR HER OR ANYONE ELSE... UNLESS I CAN ACT AS SUPERMAN. HAVE TO PRETEND COWARDICE, SO I CAN SECRETLY SWITCH TO SUPERMAN AND STOP THIS ERUPTION!



"STRENGTH ALONE COULDN'T STEM THE TIDE OF THAT MASSIVE WAVE OF FLAMING LAVA... I NEEDED HELP!"

I'LL BE BACK IN SECONDS... BEFORE THE SEETHING LAVA HAS MOVED A FEW FEET!



"MOMENTS LATER, AFTER A LIGHTNING TRIP TO THE SOUTH POLE..."

NOT ONLY WILL THIS ICEBERG STOP THE LAVA FROM ROLLING ONTO THE TOWN, BUT IT WILL QUICK-FREEZE IT INTO AN IMMOVABLE WALL OF SLICK STONE!



NOW I'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THIS IMPRESSION OF MY OUTLINE, MADE WHEN I STOOD WITH MY BACK TO THE LAVA. ANDRIESEN COULD PROVE MY IDENTITY BY SHOWING THAT **EVERY** MEASUREMENT CORRESPONDS WITH CLARK KENT'S!



AND NOW TO MAKE A COUNTERFEIT IMPRESSION... EXPANDING MY MUSCLES SO THAT MY MEASUREMENTS SEEM LARGER. IF ANDRIESEN GETS **THIS** TROPHY, IT'LL BE PROOF THAT I'M **NOT** CLARK KENT!



LEAVING MEXICO, SUPERMAN NEXT VISITS A SPOT DEEP IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...

THIS TWISTED MASS OF METAL IS A STRANGE SAMPLE OF MY HANDIWORK... YET IT SAVED MANY LIVES. I ALMOST HATE TO DESTROY IT... BUT I MUST... SEEING HOW IT LINKS ME WITH CLARK KENT. IT WAS THAT EVENING ON THE S.S. POLITANIA...



"I HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO WRITE A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE COUNTESS IRINA, AND WHILE WE WERE EN ROUTE TO ENGLAND..."

I AM SO PLEASED WITH THE NICE THINGS YOU WRITE ABOUT ME, MR. KENT, THAT I MUST ASK YOU TO WEAR THIS DIAMOND DRAGON RING OF MY FAMILY TONIGHT. IT IS SAID TO BRING GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, COUNTESS!



* ONLY A SHORT TIME LATER... *

FIRST MATE HENDRICKS... THE NAVIGATOR, HE... HE'S HAD A HEART ATTACK! OUT COLD!

LOOK!-- THE SHIP MUST HAVE BEEN OFF COURSE FOR AN HOUR... WE'VE NEARED THE DANGEROUS DEVIL'S MAELSTROM!



* EVERYONE HEARD THE SHOUTS, AND RUSHED TO THE DECK... *

I COULD FLY THE SHIP OVER THE MAELSTROM... BUT IF THE NAVIGATOR SUDDENLY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, THE SHOCK MIGHT BE TOO MUCH FOR HIM. I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE BEFORE THE SHIP IS RUSHED TO ITS DOOM!

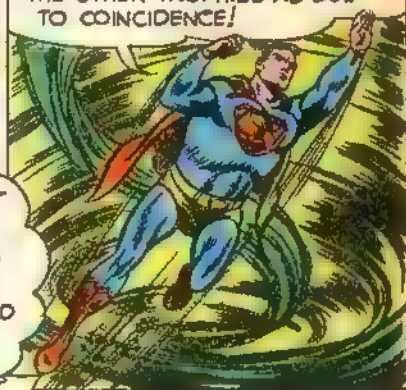


* IN THE CONFUSION, I SWITCHED TO SUPERMAN, AND DIVED BENEATH THE WATERS, WHERE... *

LUCKY TO FIND THIS. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TWIST IT INTO THE RIGHT SHAPE, AND...

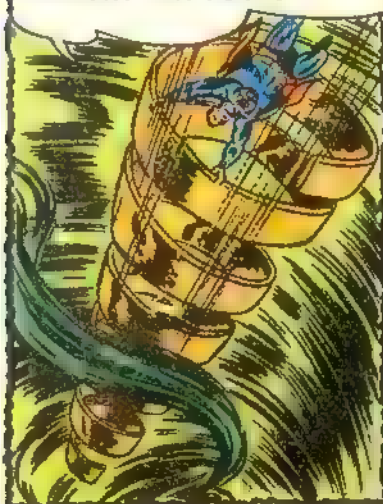


NOW TO REPLACE THE GADGET I DESTROYED WITH ONE I HID ON LAND... THEN FIX MY GLASSES SO THEY RESEMBLE ONES PRESCRIBED FOR A NEAR-SIGHTED PERSON! I'LL BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN THE OTHER TROPHIES AS DUE TO COINCIDENCE!



* MOMENTS LATER... *

... NOW, AS THE FLUTED EDGES AND BAFFLES ARE HIT BY THE WHIRLING WATERS, THEY'LL BE SENT IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION. MY GADGET WILL TWIST THE WHIRLPOOL INSIDE OUT, ELIMINATING IT COMPLETELY. THAT'LL BE THE END OF DEVIL'S MAELSTROM FOR GOOD!



BACK IN THE PRESENT...

IT'S A PITY TO DESTROY IT... BUT I HAVE TO... SEEING THAT AS I MOLDED IT I MADE A SERIES OF IMPRESSIONS ON IT WITH THE DIAMOND DRAGON RING COUNTESS IRINA LOANED CLARK KENT-- POSITIVE EVIDENCE OF MY IDENTITY!



TIME PASSES AS ANDRIESEN GATHERS TROPHY AFTER TROPHY, THEN, WITH PERRY WHITE...

IT'S ABOUT TIME TO TELL ME THE THEORY YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON, CLARK! LET'S HAVE IT!



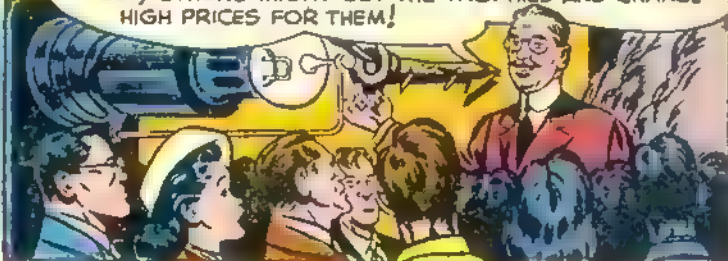
I...ER...THINK HE'S GOING TO CLAIM THAT HE HAS PROOF OF SUPERMAN'S SECRET IDENTITY...BUT...ER...IT'S MY OPINION THAT HE'S ON THE WRONG TRACK!

WOW! IF HE'S RIGHT, THIS WILL MAKE THE YARN OF THE CENTURY!

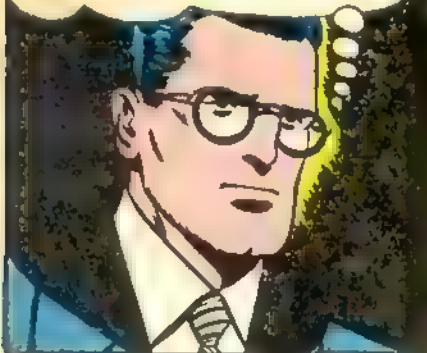


NEXT DAY, AT THE SUPERMAN TROPHY ROOM IN METROPOLIS MUSEUM...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ON MY RETURN FROM AFRICA, SUPERMAN SAVED A VALUABLE TREASURE FOR ME BY THE INGENUOUS USE OF THIS TROPHY. I WAS INSPIRED TO MAKE MY NEXT ADVENTURE A COLLECTION OF ALL THE SUPERMAN SOUVENIRS I COULD GATHER AND DEDICATE A **SUPERMAN MUSEUM** TO METROPOLIS! I KEPT MY PLANS SECRET, KNOWING THAT IF THEY LEAKED OUT, OTHERS MIGHT GET THE TROPHIES AND CHARGE HIGH PRICES FOR THEM!



WHY, I...I WAS WRONG! HE...HE GATHERED THE TROPHIES AS A TRIBUTE TO ME! HE NEVER MEANT TO EXPOSE MY IDENTITY! HMM--I HOPE NO ONE NOTICES THE SUBSTITUTIONS I MADE!



BUT SUPERMAN'S HOPES ARE IN VAIN, FOR LOIS' KEEN VISION SPOTS A FATAL FLAW!

WAIT! THESE TROPHIES ARE **FORGERIES!** THE LAVA THAT CONTAINED THIS IMPRESSION OF SUPERMAN WAS **SMOOTH...** AND THIS IS **PITTED...** AND IF THAT ONE HAD REALLY BEEN UNDERWATER THREE YEARS, IT WOULD BE COVERED WITH UNDERSEA PLANT GROWTH!



B-BUT I TELL YOU TH-THEY'RE GENUINE! I...I KNOW!

BY GOSH, LOIS... YOU'RE RIGHT! WHAT A YARN THIS WILL MAKE! ANDRIESSEN'S FIRST FAILURE!

I'M SORRY, MR. ANDRIESSEN, BUT IT'S MY DUTY AS A REPORTER!

I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT... AFTER ALL THAT WORK... HOW COULD THEY BE FALSE?

HIS FAILURE... IT...IT'S MY FAULT! I CAN'T SAY THAT I DID IT WITHOUT TELLING WHY... AND I CAN'T DO THAT! HMM...IF I COULD ONLY...I'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO LOIS!



LOIS... ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE RIGHT? COULDN'T THERE BE **SOME OTHER EXPLANATION?** AFTER ALL ANDRIESEN IS AN HONEST MAN, AND...

I'D DO ANYTHING TO HELP HIM, CLARK... BUT PROOF IS PROOF, AND A REPORTER MUST TELL THE TRUTH!

HE MUST HAVE FOUND IT TOO DANGEROUS TO GET THE TROPHIES IN THE WHIRLPOOL AND ATOP THE VOLCANO AND WAS TOO PROUD TO ADMIT DEFEAT!

LET'S TAKE A WALK AND THINK IT OVER, LOIS.

HAVE TO GET HER NEAR FOLLEN'S POND... IT'S FROZEN SLICK NOW.

A LITTLE LATER...
NEAR FOLLEN'S POND...

A LITTLE PUFF OF SUPER-BREATH BLOWS HER HAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT POND... AND THE REST IS UP TO LOIS' INGENUITY... AND HER SINCERE DESIRE TO HELP ANDRIESEN!

CLARK! MY HAT! GET IT!

I...ER... IT'S TOO SLICK. I'LL GET A ROPE OR SOMEONE ELSE'S HELP!

HMMPH! AND YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN! I'LL GET IT **MYSELF!**

MOMENTS LATER...

I KNEW SHE'D NEVER MAKE IT WITH THOSE HIGH HEELS... NOW TO CHANGE TO SUPERMAN AND SEE IF MY SCHEME WORKS!

I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL... EEEK! **HELP! I'M SLIPPING!**

SUPERMAN! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE!

I'LL PIT THE ICE WITH THIS SAND THAT I'M FLINGING WITH SUPER-FORCE AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WALK BACK YOURSELF... WITHOUT LOSING YOUR PRIDE!

NOW YOU CAN TELL CLARK YOU GOT YOUR HAT YOURSELF!

THANKS, SUPERMAN... I'D LIKE TO TEACH CLARK A... **WAIT A SECOND! THAT SMOOTH LAVA, MAYBE THAT WAS HOW IT WAS PITTED.** MAYBE YOU DIDN'T WANT ANDRIESEN TO ENDANGER HIMSELF... AND AT THE SAME TIME DIDN'T WANT HIM TO KNOW THAT YOU WERE HELPING HIM, TO SAVE **HIS PRIDE!**



TELL ME...
DID YOU
TAMPER
WITH THOSE
TROPHIES,
SUPERMAN?

YES, LOIS... I DID...
AND I DIDN'T WANT
ANYONE TO KNOW IT!

OF COURSE I'M
HELPING LOIS TO COME
TO A CONCLUSION THAT
DOESN'T QUITE FIT THE
FACTS... BUT I ANSWERED
HER QUESTION TRUTHFULLY...
AND SAVED ANDRIESEN'S
REPUTATION AT THE
SAME TIME!

I...ER... HOPE YOU WON'T
TELL THE PUBLIC ABOUT MY...
ER... INTERFERENCE!

I'LL SAY THAT I
DISCOVERED THE
LAVA WAS PITTED
WITH DUST BLOWN
BY THE WINDS... AND
THE SWIFT MOTION
OF THE WATERS
PREVENTED VEGE-
TATION. I CAN TELL
A WHITE LIE EVEN IF
SUPERMAN CAN'T!

SOME TIME LATER...

THANKS TO YOUR INGENUITY IN
FINDING THE TRUE EXPLANATION
ABOUT THOSE TROPHIES, MY LATEST
VENTURE IS A SUCCESS, MISS LANE...
BUT ONE THING PUZZLES ME, MR.
KENT. AFTER ALL, YOU MUST
HAVE KNOWN THAT...

...ONE OF SUPERMAN'S TROPHIES WAS
YOUR EYEGLASSES WHICH HE MADE
WHEN YOU BROKE THEM SOME YEARS AGO.
WHEN YOU DISCOVERED THAT I HAD SWITCHED
GLASSES WHY DID YOU COME TO THE CON-
CLUSION THAT I WAS AFTER SUPER-
MAN'S SECRET IDENTITY?

WHY...ER...
YOU SEE...

ER... YOU SEE IT'S SO...ER...
DIFFICULT TO MAKE MY
GLASSES... I...ER... THOUGHT
YOU HAD FORMED THE THEORY
THAT SUPERMAN WAS AN...ER...
OPTICIAN IN EVERYDAY LIFE!

HA-HA! WHAT
YOU NEED ARE
SPECIAL
GLASSES TO
HELP YOU SEE
A STORY WHEN
IT'S RIGHT UNDER
YOUR NOSE,
CLARK!

12

The End

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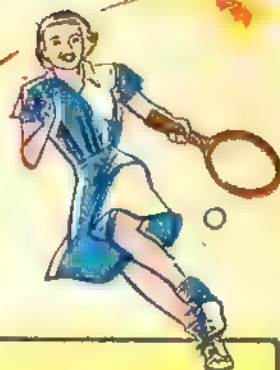
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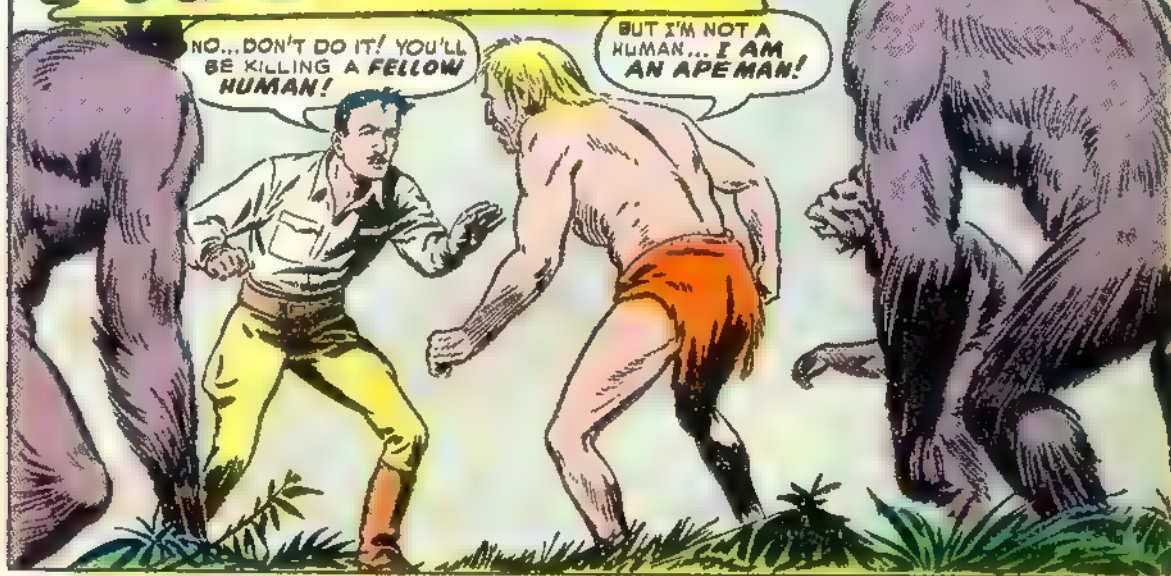
See your local paper
for time and channel

AMERICAN
BROADCASTING COMPANY

CONGO BILL

CONGO BILL'S GLOBE-TROTTING HAS MORE THAN ONCE BROUGHT HIM CLOSE TO THE BRINK OF DOOM... BUT WHEN HIS TRAVELS LEAD HIM TO THE STEAMING BURMA JUNGLE ON A STRANGE MISSION OF MERCY, HE CAN ALMOST COUNT THE SANDS OF TIME RUNNING OUT! FOR HERE, MILES FROM SUCCESS AND CIVILIZATION, IS ENACTED A LIFE-AND-DEATH DUEL AS BILL MEETS...

"The APE MAN of BORNEO"



NO... DON'T DO IT! YOU'LL BE KILLING A FELLOW HUMAN!

BUT I'M NOT A HUMAN... I AM AN APEMAN!

IN A MODEST FLAT ON LONDON'S EAST END, CONGO BILL, ACE INVESTIGATOR FOR WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY, ARRIVES IN ANSWER TO AN URGENT SUMMONS...

WHY HAVE YOU SENT FOR ME, MRS. JENKINS? IS IT ABOUT THE INSURANCE PAYMENTS ON YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH?

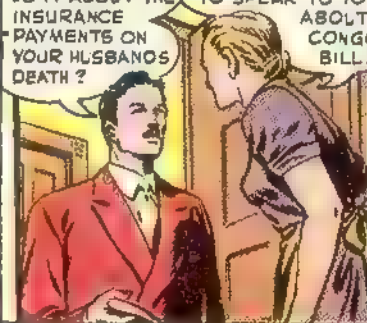
MY HUSBAND'S "DEATH"... THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT, CONGO BILL!

IT'S TRUE, HARVEY DISAPPEARED IN BURMA OVER SEVEN YEARS AGO... AND THE INSURANCE MONEY HAS BEEN A LIFESAVER TO THE CHILDREN AND ME! BUT HIS BODY WAS NEVER FOUND, BILL... HOW CAN I BE SURE HE'S DEAD? IF THERE WERE ONLY SOMEWAY...

I UNDERSTAND, MRS. JENKINS...

...AND LUCKILY, IT SO HAPPENS THAT I'M DUE IN BURMA NEXT MONTH ON ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT! LET ME HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR HUSBAND, AND I'LL FIND OUT WHATEVER I CAN!

OH, THANK YOU, THANK YOU, BILL! HERE... TAKE THIS PHOTOGRAPH, AND... AND GOOD LUCK!



WEEKS LATER, DEEP IN THE BURMESE JUNGLE...

I'M CERTAINLY GRATEFUL FOR THE HELP YOU GAVE ME ON THAT IVORY SMUGGLING CASE, BILL!

DON'T MENTION IT, COLONEL DEVERS... I WAS GLAD OF THE CHANCE TO COME OUT HERE! YOU SEE, I'M WORKING ON TWO CASES!



SUDDENLY, A DOZEN SHREKS SHATTER THE JUNGLE STILLNESS!

KEE-KEE-EEKOW...
EEK-KOW-EEKOW!

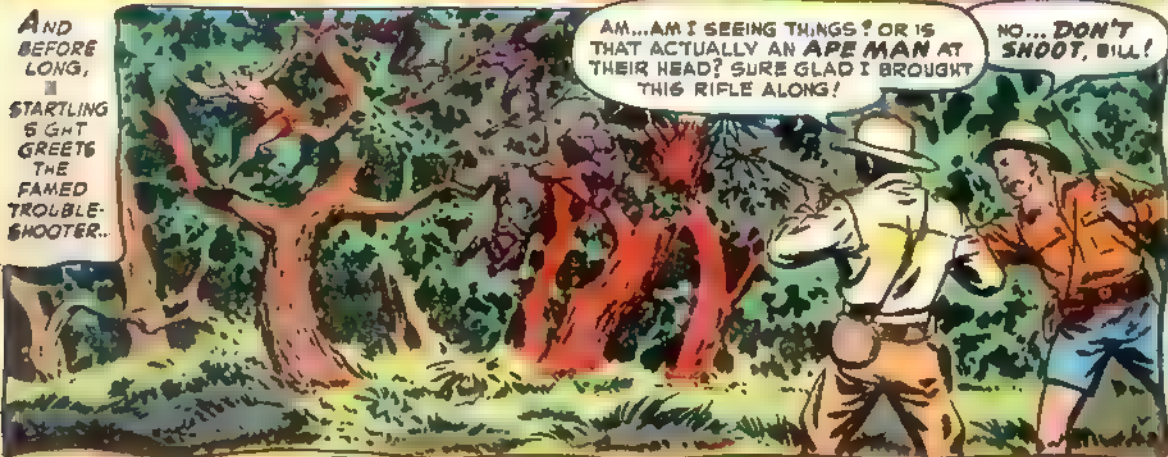
GREAT SCOTT... APES! A WHOLE TRIBE OF THEM!



AND BEFORE LONG, STARTLING SIGHT GREETED THE FAMED TROUBLE-SHOOTER...

AM...AM I SEEING THINGS? OR IS THAT ACTUALLY AN APE MAN AT THEIR HEAD? SURE GLAD I BROUGHT THIS RIFLE ALONG!

NO... DON'T SHOOT, BILL!



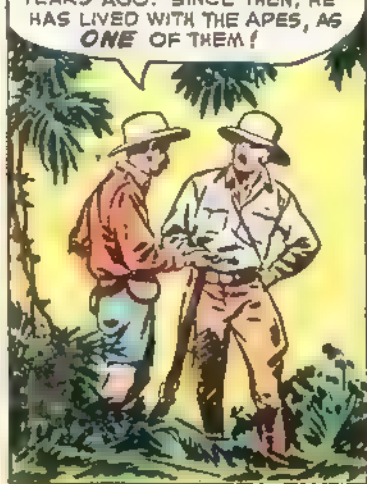
THIS MAY SOUND MAD, I KNOW... BUT THANKS TO THAT APE MAN, THOSE ANIMALS ARE HARMLESS!

WHAT?? IS THIS A SAMPLE OF BRITISH HUMOR, COLONEL?

HARDLY! AS I WAS TOLD THE STORY BILL, THAT APE MAN IS A FORMER IVORY HUNTER WHO SUFFERED A STROKE OF AMNESIA, ABOUT SEVEN YEARS AGO! SINCE THEN, HE HAS LIVED WITH THE APES, AS ONE OF THEM!

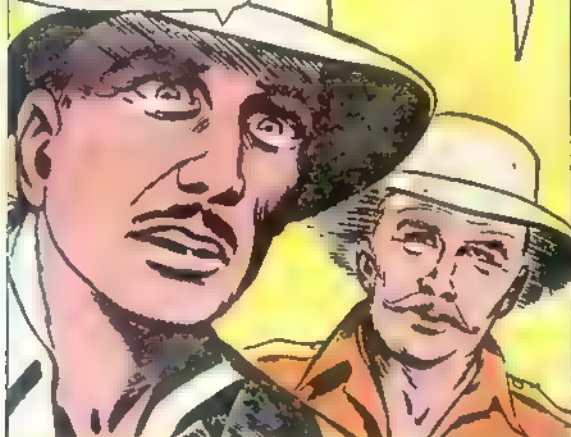
THOSE APES USED TO BE QUITE TROUBLE-SOME... BUT AFTER HE JOINED THE PACK, THEY ACTUALLY BECAME GENTLE! HE'S THEIR MASTER!

I'VE READ OF SUCH PEOPLE, BUT I NEVER DREAMED THEY REALLY EXISTED!

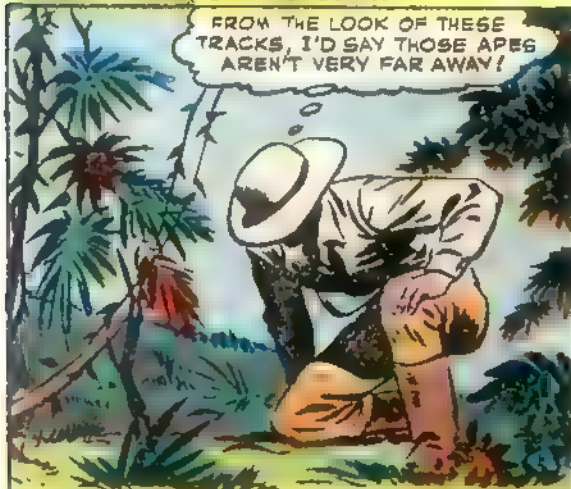


WAIT A MINUTE! DID YOU SAY **SEVEN YEARS** AGO? IS IT... IS IT... P-POSS-IBLE...?

SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND, BILL?



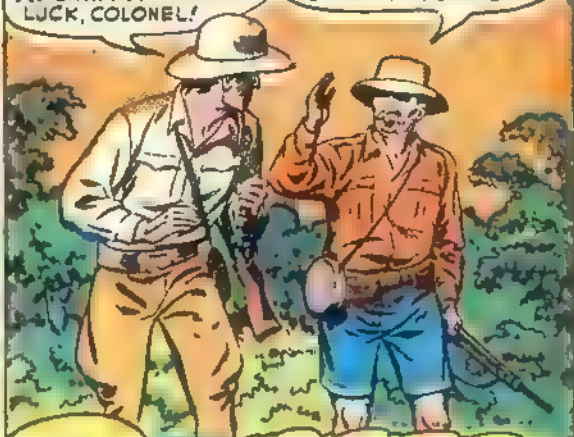
AND AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF WEARY TRACKING THROUGH DENSE UNDERBRUSH...



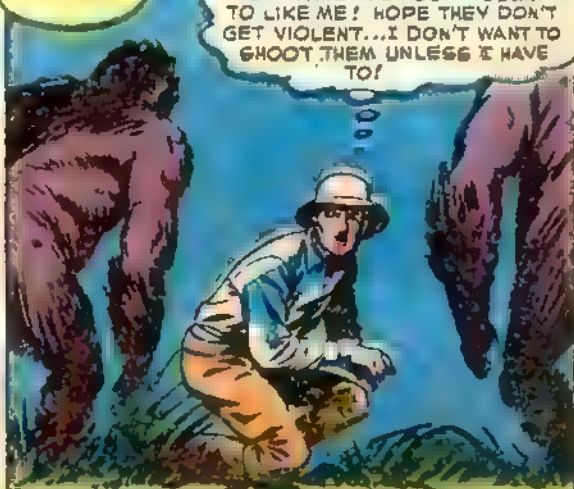
FROM THE LOOK OF THESE TRACKS, I'D SAY THOSE APES AREN'T VERY FAR AWAY!

PLENTY! BUT I'M NOT TALKING UNTIL I GET A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT **APEMAN!** WISH ME LUCK, COLONEL!

I SURE DO! BUT AFTER SEEING YOU IN ACTION, I KNOW YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!



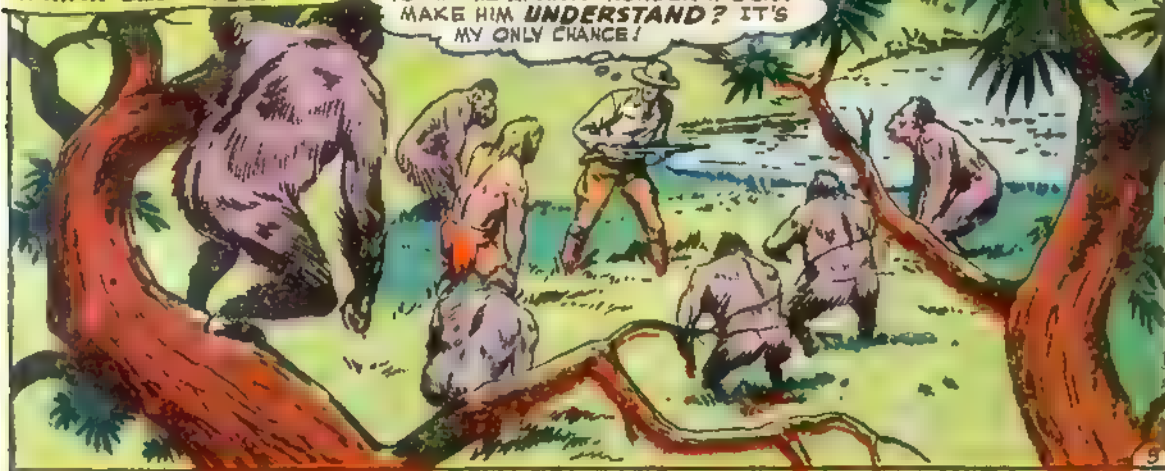
NEXT MOMENT...

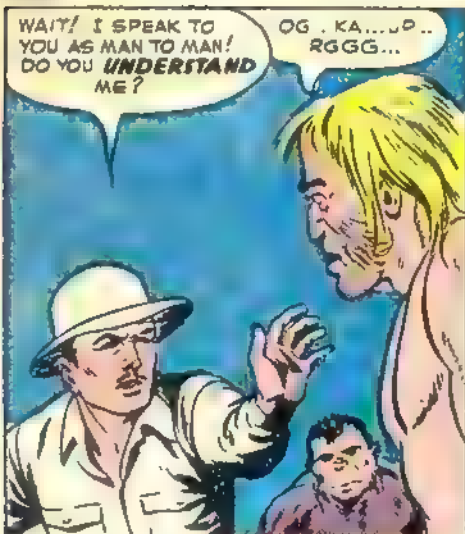


OH, OH... HERE'S TWO OF THEM NOW... AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO LIKE ME! HOPE THEY DON'T GET VIOLENT... I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT THEM UNLESS I HAVE TO!

BUT SOON, BILL FINDS HIMSELF COMPLETELY SURROUNDED... BY A **MAN-LED** TRIBE!

IT'S HIM... **JENKINS**... NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! AND HE AND HIS FRIENDS LOOK READY TO RIP ME APART! WONDER IF I CAN MAKE HIM **UNDERSTAND**? IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!





WAIT! I SPEAK TO YOU AS MAN TO MAN! DO YOU **UNDERSTAND** ME?

OG . KA...UP...
RGGG...



AS BILL KEEPS TALKING, A SOFT, HUMAN EXPRESSION BEGINS TO CLOUD THE APE MAN'S FACE, AND...

Y-YES. I **DO** SEEM TO UNDERSTAND... AND I **SPEAK YOUR TONGUE!** I-IT IS S-STRANGE THAT I, AN APE, CAN SPEAK WITH **YOU, A MAN!**

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE **NOT** AN APE! YOU **ARE** A MAN! YOUR NAME IS HARVEY JENKINS!



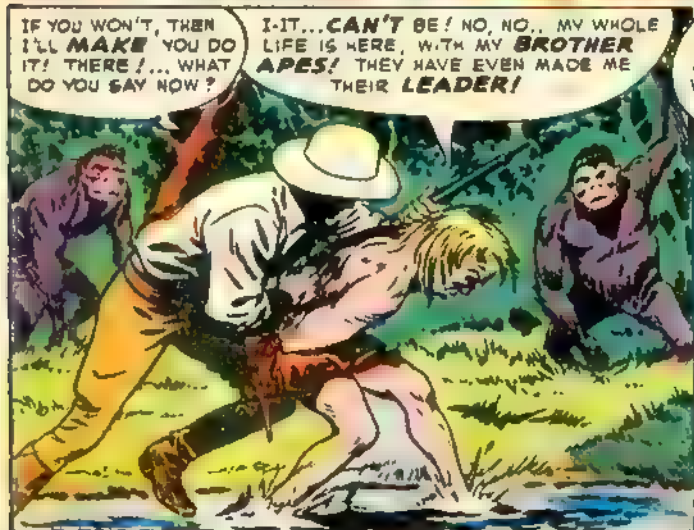
SEVEN YEARS AGO, YOU LEFT A WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN TO HUNT FOR IVORY HERE! YOU THEN LOST YOUR MEMORY AND TOOK UP THE LIFE OF AN APE! SEE? HERE IS THE PHOTO YOUR WIFE GAVE ME!

NO, NO...YOU LIE! I AM AN APE, LIKE MY BROTHERS! I AM **NOT** A MAN!



IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, THEN TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THAT WATER!

NO, NO, I WON'T I WON'T!



IF YOU WON'T, THEN I'LL **MAKE** YOU DO IT! THERE!... WHAT DO YOU SAY NOW?

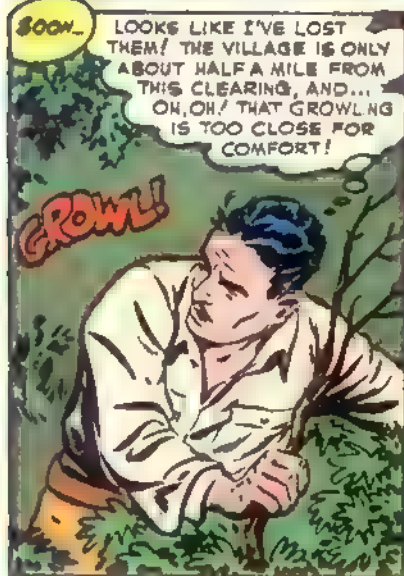
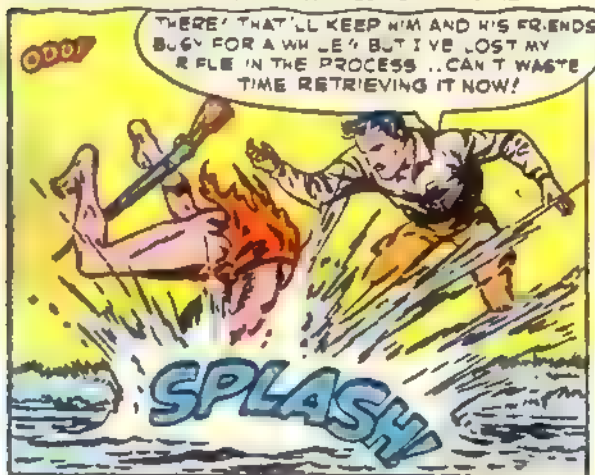
I-IT...**CAN'T** BE! NO, NO.. MY WHOLE LIFE IS HERE, WITH MY **BROTHER APES!** THEY HAVE EVEN MADE ME THEIR **LEADER!**



I WAS **HAPPY** UNTIL **YOU** CAME HERE TO DESTROY MY LIFE AND MY **ILLUSIONS!** WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU WILL NEVER LIVE TO REVEAL MY PAST!

WOW! HE LOOKS AS IF HE **MEANS** IT, TOO! MUST DO SOMETHING **FAST!**

AND AS THE APE MAN LUNGES TO ATTACK...



AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT, BILL FINDS HIMSELF FACE-TO-FACE WITH AN EVEN GREATER MENACE!



THEN, WITH A VICIOUS SNARL, THE POWERFUL ANIMAL LEAVES THE GROUND...



BUT ABRUPTLY, A RIFLE SHOT RINGS OUT, AND...





BUT WHEN BILL TRIES TO THANK THE REFORMED APE MAN...

DON'T THANK ME! I SAVED YOUR LIFE BECAUSE I AM FRIENDLY TO MAN, AS ALL MY APE-BROTHERS ARE! BUT I BEG OF YOU, TELL ME YOU **JESTED!** TELL ME I AM REALLY AN APE, NOT A MAN!

I...I'M AFRAID THAT'S ALL HE EVER **WILL** BE FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE... AN APE! HOW CAN I BRING HIM BACK TO HIS WIFE IN LONDON!

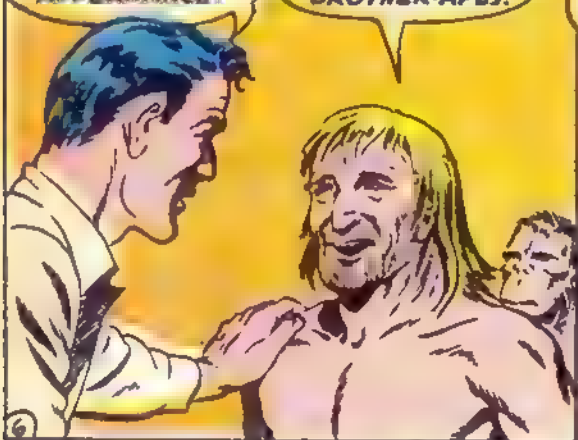


"HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN... LIVING WELL OFF THE INSURANCE LEFT BY HER 'DEAD' HUSBAND! IF I BROUGHT HIM BACK, HE'D ONLY BE PLACED IN AN **INSTITUTION**... AND HIS FAMILY WOULD STARVE! NO... I CAN'T DO IT!"



I...I GUESS I WAS **WRONG!** I MUST'VE BEEN FOOLED BY YOUR **APPEARANCE!**

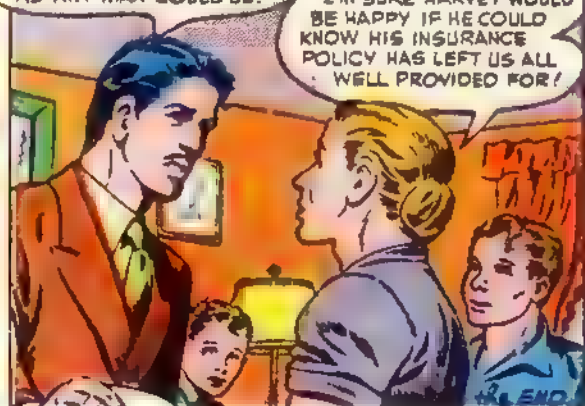
OH, THANK YOU, THANK YOU! NOW I CAN LIVE IN THE JUNGLE WITH MY **BROTHER-APES!**



AND SO, BACK IN LONDON...

MRS. JENKINS, THE...THE MAN YOU LOVED AND CALLED YOUR HUSBAND IS AS DEAD AS ANY MAN COULD BE!

THANK YOU, BILL! SOMEHOW, I FEEL BETTER NOW THAT I KNOW FOR CERTAIN! I'M SURE HARVEY WOULD BE HAPPY IF HE COULD KNOW HIS INSURANCE POLICY HAS LEFT US ALL WELL PROVIDED FOR!



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RIDDLE ME THIS by Necco

WHAT HAS A BED BUT NEVER SLEEPS AND A BANK BUT NEVER SAVES?

GIVE UP?
SEE BELOW*



*ANSWER: A RIVER

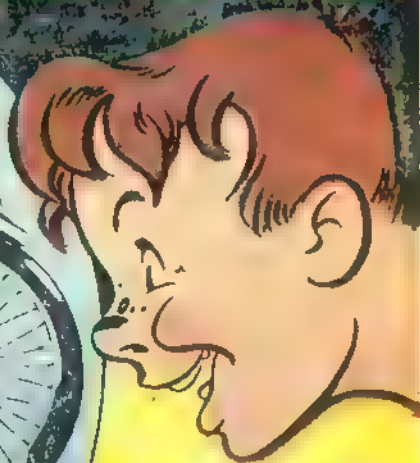
WHAT CANDY TREAT CAN YOU ALWAYS BANK ON FOR DEE-LICIOUS ENJOYMENT?

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JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

HARRY
BOSTHOPE

SO HELEN BROKE HER
DATE WITH ME TO GO
OUT WITH BILL!

I'LL SLOW
HER!

RECORDS

YES SIR, CAN
I HELP YOU?

RECORD YOUR
OWN VOICE
ON A
RECORD
\$1

I MADE THIS RECORD
OF A POEM LAST WEEK
FOR MY GIRL --

CAN THE NAME HELEN BE
SCRATCHED OUT AND GWEN
BE SUBSTITUTED?

END

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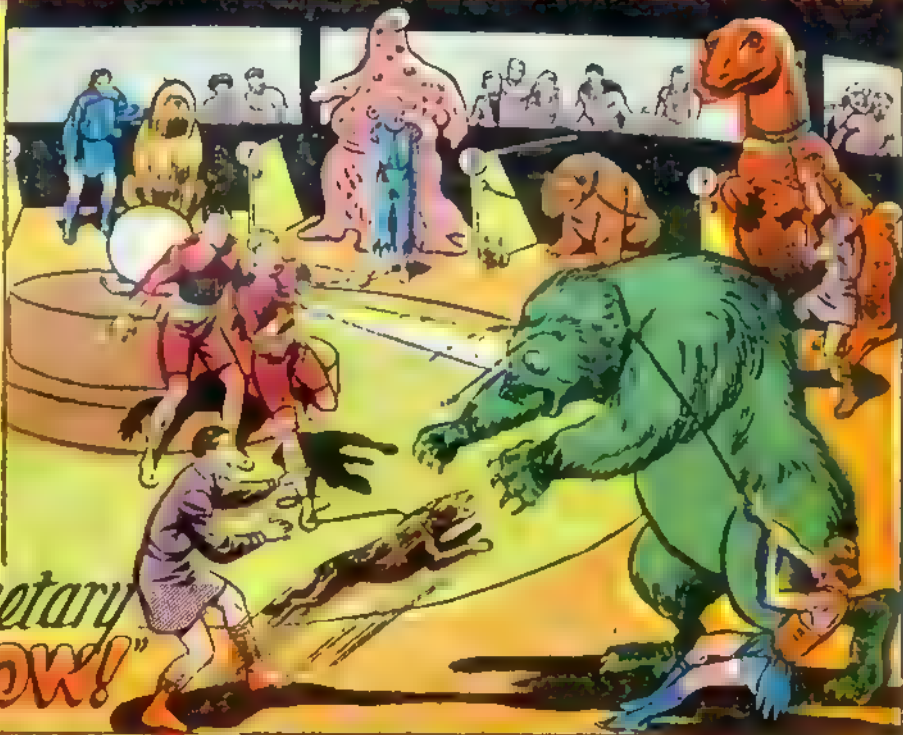
\$3.50

Send \$6 for complete electric game catalog.

Tommy TOMORROW

IN THE WORLDS OF TOMORROW, PEOPLE ARE FOND OF PETS, JUST AS TODAY! ONLY IT'S NOT DOGS, CATS AND HORSES THAT ARE KEPT AS PETS BY THE FOLK OF OTHER PLANETS BUT WEIRD BEASTS OF THEIR OWN WORLDS! AND WHEN TOMMY TOMORROW MUST JUDGE A COMPETITION OF ALIEN PETS FROM ALL OVER THE SYSTEM, HE FINDS NOT ONLY TROUBLE IN BUNCHES BUT ALSO A SINISTER MYSTERY AT...

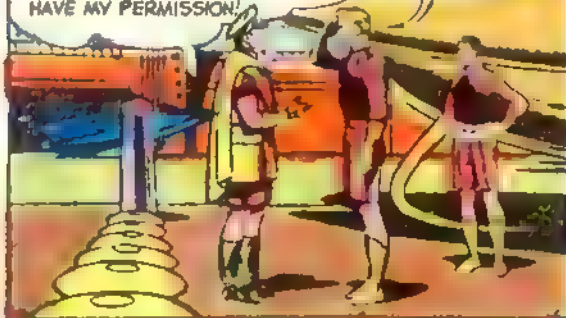
The Interplanetary PET SHOW!



TO COLONEL TOMORROW AND HIS PARTNER, CAPTAIN BRENT WOOD, OF THE **PLANETEERS**, COMES A WELCOME RELIEF FROM THEIR STRENUOUS SPACE-POLICING DUTIES...

COLONEL TOMORROW, THE BIG **INTER-PLANETARY PET SHOW** IS BEING HELD ON VENUS THIS YEAR, AND THEY'VE ASKED THAT YOU JUDGE IT! YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION!

THANKS, SIR! BRENT AND I WILL ENJOY A LITTLE VACATION!

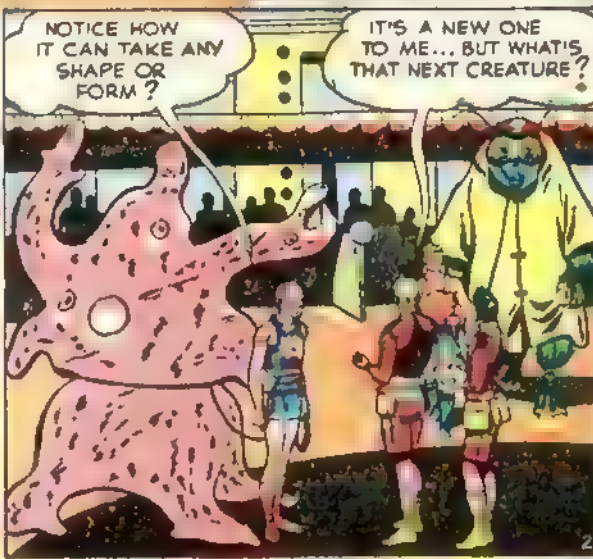
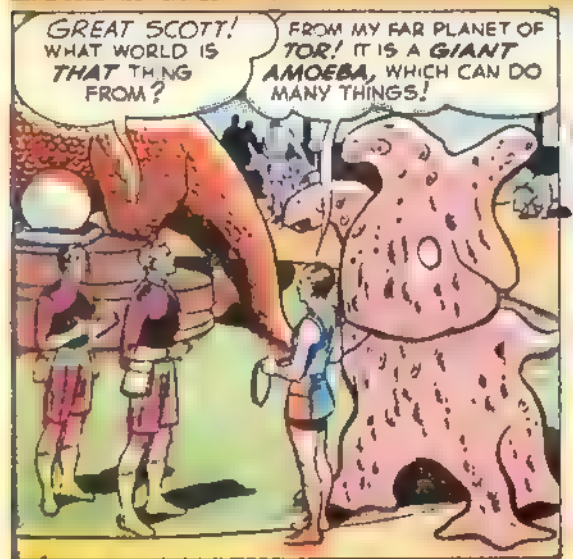
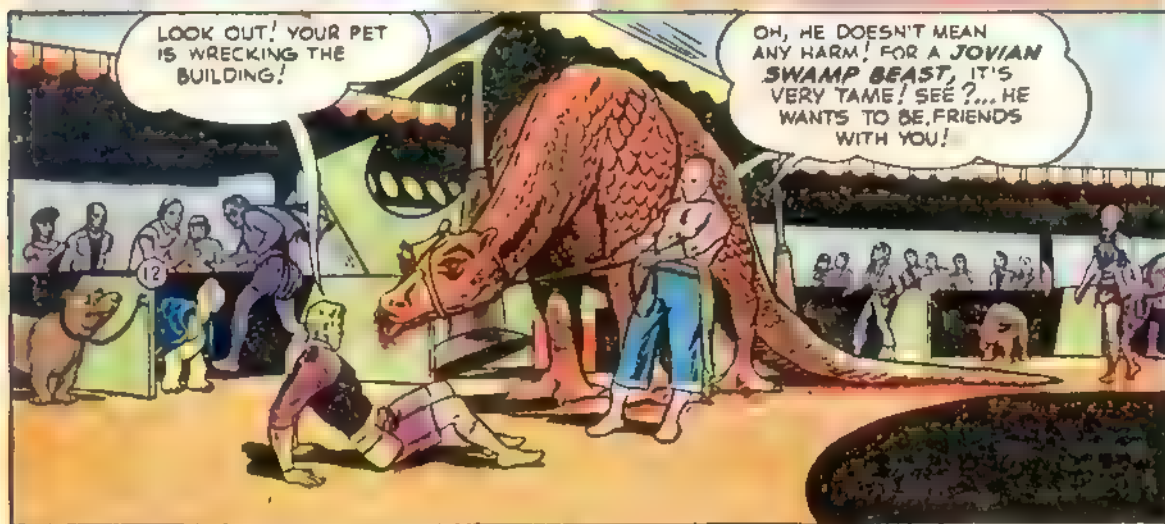
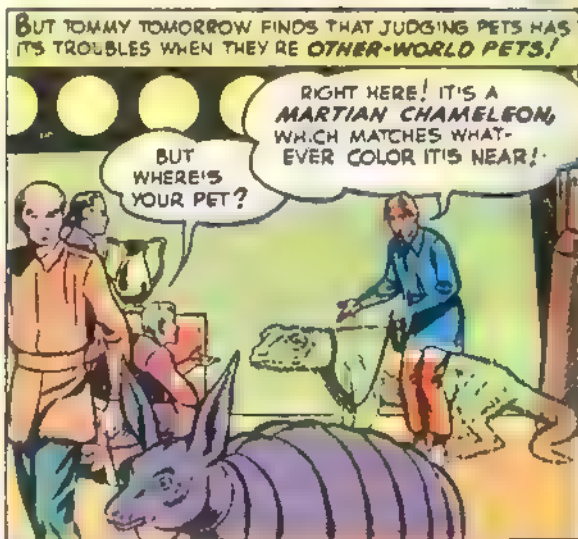
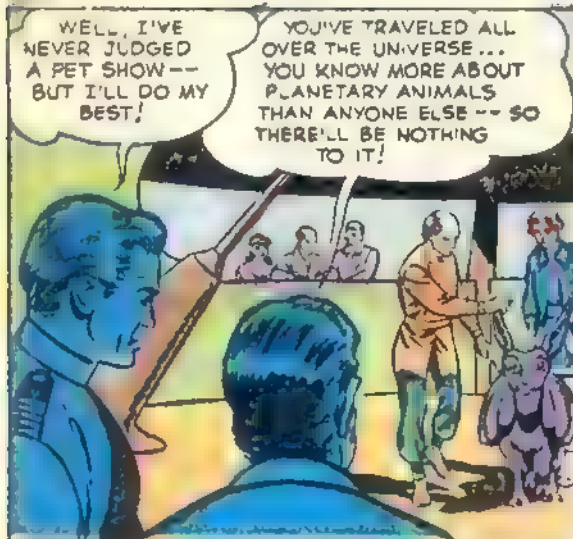


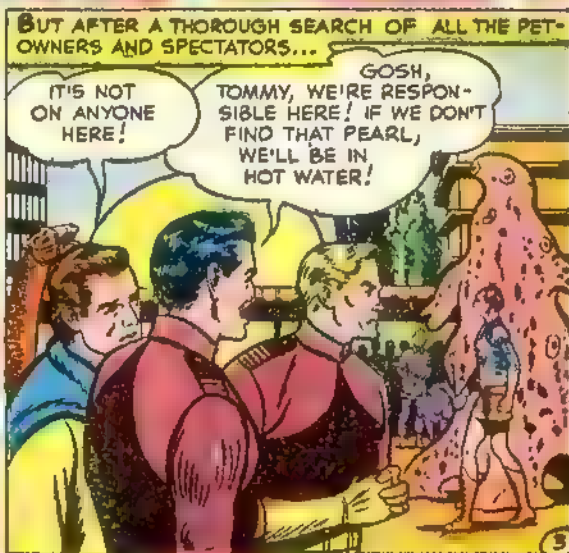
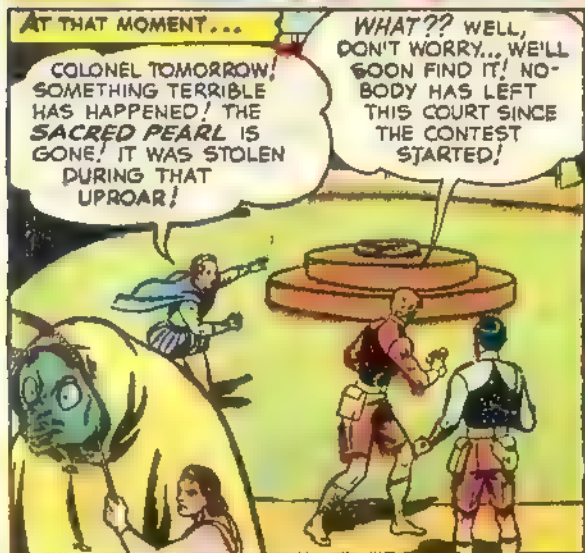
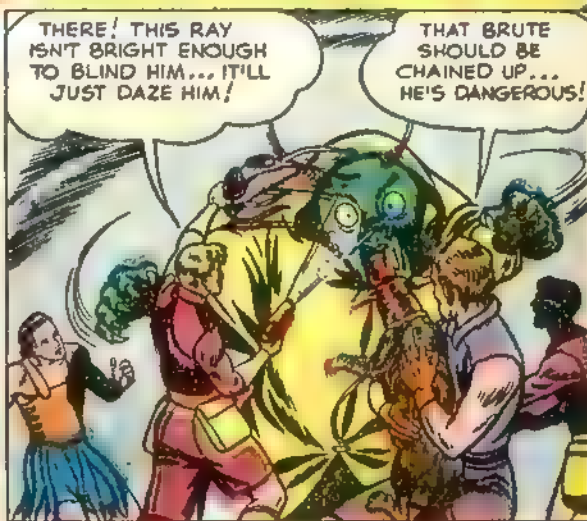
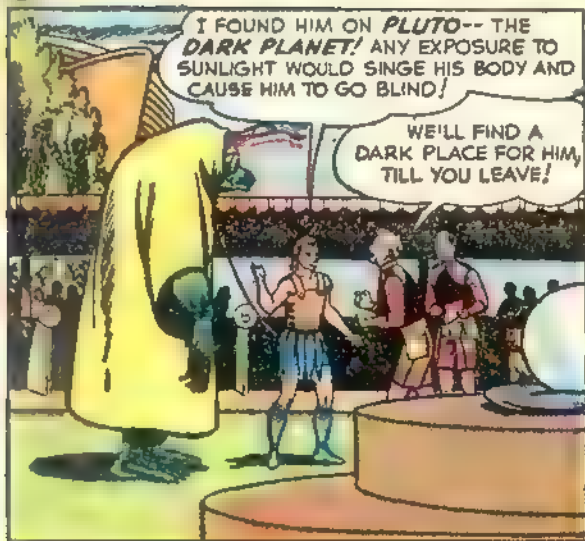
ARRIVING IN **VENUSOPOLIS**, CAPITAL OF THE PLANET VENUS, TOMMY FINDS EVERYTHING READY FOR THE BIG SHOW...

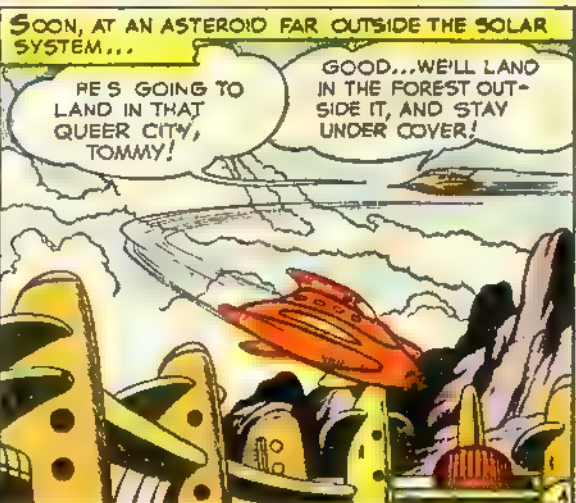
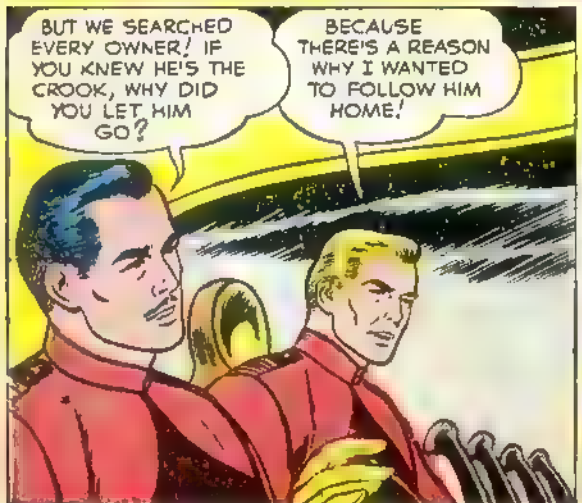
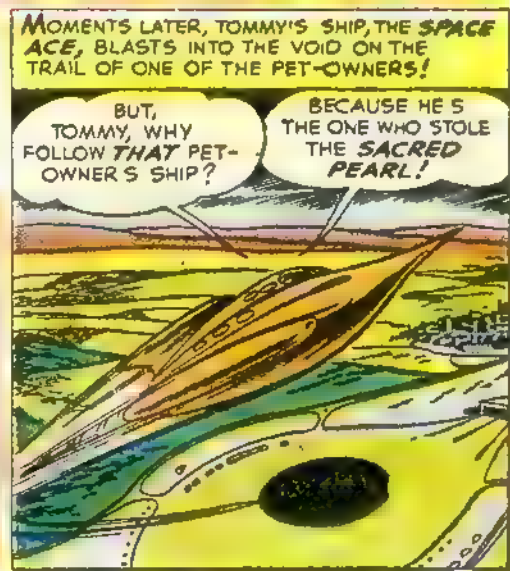
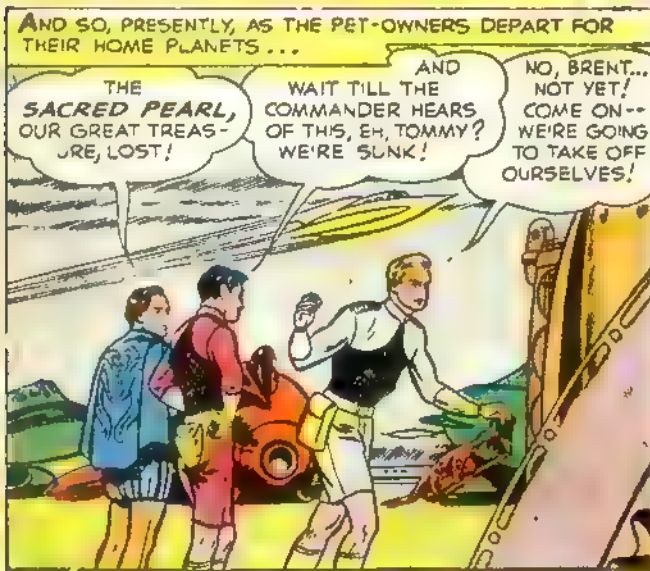
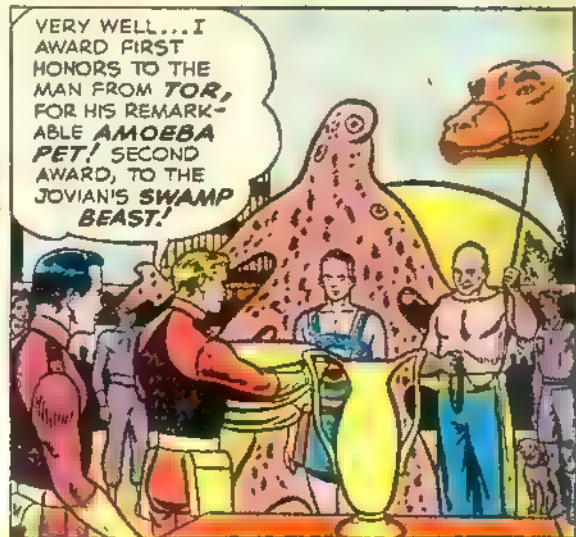
WE'RE HONORING THE PET SHOW BY HOLDING IT IN THIS **COURT OF THE SACRED PEARL** -- OUR GREATEST TREASURE!

IT'LL BE THE GREATEST SHOW EVER! THE JUDGING OF PETS WILL BEGIN THIS MORNING, COLONEL TOMORROW!





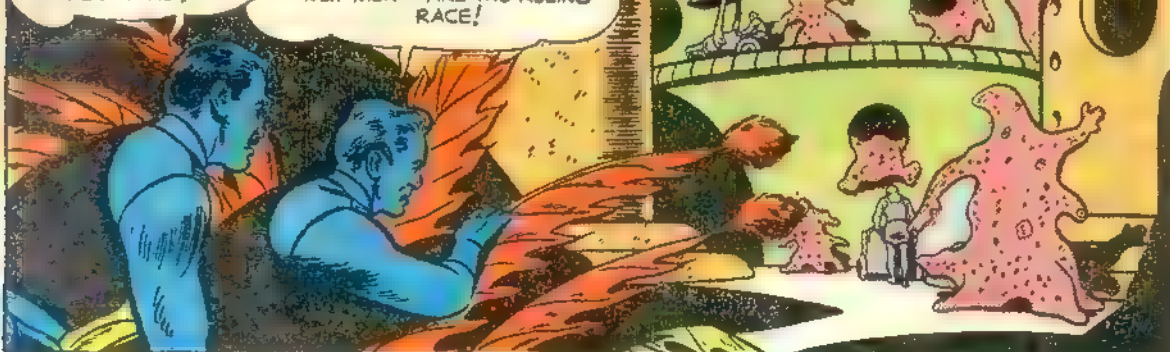




MINUTES LATER, THE TWO **PLANETEERS** GAZE UPON THE STRANGEST CITY EVER SEEN BY HUMAN EYES!

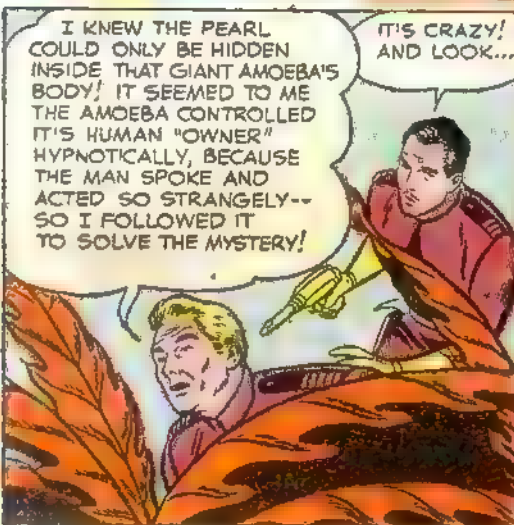
WHY, THEY'RE ALL **AMOEBAS**—CREATURES, LIKE THAT PET WHO WON THE AWARD!

BUT THAT AMOEBAS WASN'T THE PET, BRENT—IT WAS THE **MASTER**! ON THIS WORLD, **GIANT AMOEBAS**—NOT MEN—ARE THE RULING RACE!



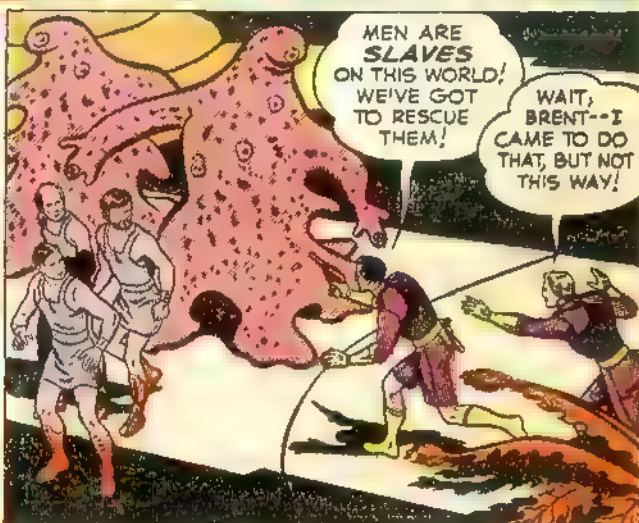
I KNEW THE PEARL COULD ONLY BE HIDDEN INSIDE THAT GIANT AMOEBAS'S BODY! IT SEEMED TO ME THE AMOEBAS CONTROLLED IT'S HUMAN "OWNER" HYPNOTICALLY, BECAUSE THE MAN SPOKE AND ACTED SO STRANGELY—SO I FOLLOWED IT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY!

IT'S CRAZY! AND LOOK...



MEN ARE **SLAVES** ON THIS WORLD! WE'VE GOT TO RESCUE THEM!

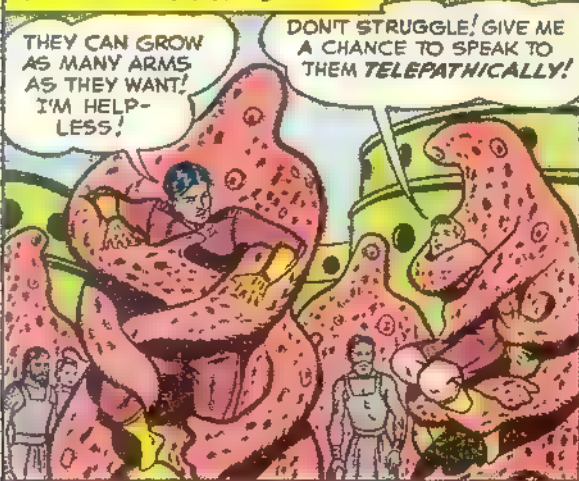
WAIT, BRENT—I CAME TO DO THAT, BUT NOT THIS WAY!



AND BRENT WOOD FINDS THAT A **PLANETEER'S** WEAPONS ARE NO MATCH FOR CREATURES WHO CAN TAKE ANY FORM!

THEY CAN GROW AS MANY ARMS AS THEY WANT! I'M HELP-LESS!

DON'T STRUGGLE! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO THEM **TELEPATHICALLY**!

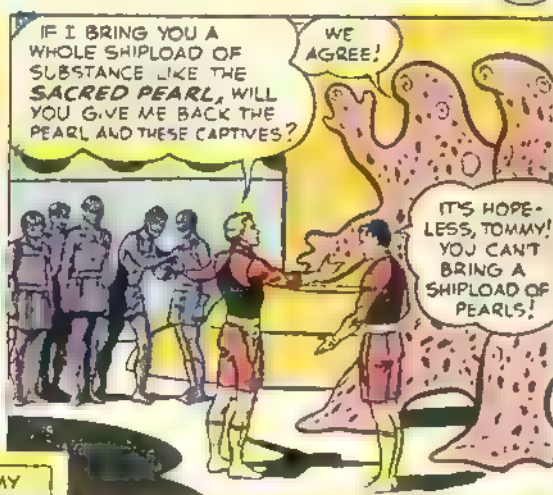


IMMEDIATELY, THERE FOLLOWS A WEIRD INTERCHANGE OF THOUGHTS WITH THE STRANGE MASTERS OF AN ALIEN WORLD, AND...

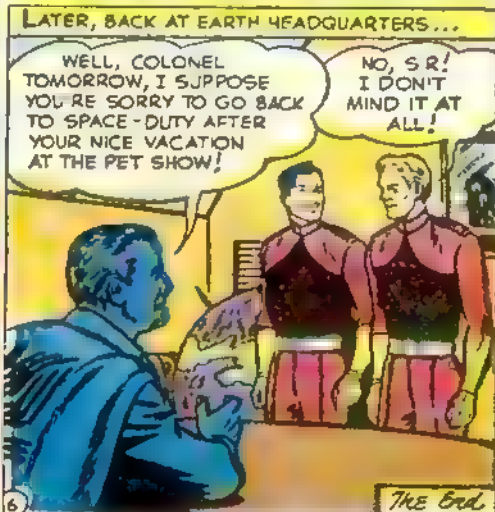
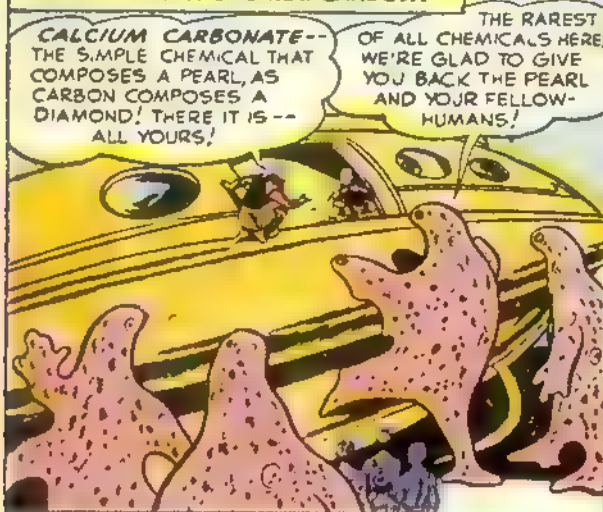
JUST AS I FIGURED! A HUMAN SPACESHIP WAS WRECKED ON THIS WORLD, AND THE AMOEBAS, BY THEIR GREAT BRAIN-POWER, DOMINATED THE HUMANS TELEPATHICALLY!

BUT WHY DID THEY TAKE ONE TO VENUS AND STEAL THE PEARL?





BUT AFTER A SWIFT TRIP IN THE SPACE ACE, TOMMY RETURNS WITH A STRANGE CARGO...



ADVERTISEMENT

"PHOO ON GOO!" SAYS BERT PARKS

TV STAR OF
"BREAK
THE BANK"



AMAZING NEW
CREAM HAIR OIL
IS NOT STICKY OR
GREASY! KEEPS
HAIR PERFECTLY
GROOMED
ALL DAY!



BETTER...
BECAUSE IT'S
LIGHTER-BODIED!

EASIER TO CLEAN!
NO STICKY HANDS,
HAIR OR COMB!

NEW!

VITALIS Hair CREAM

— by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

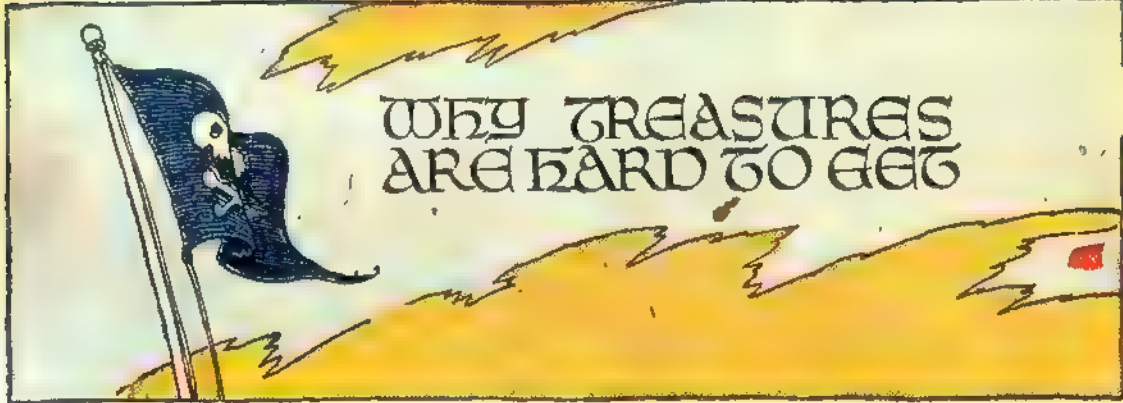


HOMOGENIZED
FOR EASY FLOW.
IN HANDY
SHAKER-TOP BOTTLE.

MONEY
BACK!

Write us if you
don't agree that
it's the best cream
balm ever!

SAVE
MONEY!
\$1.00
BOTTLE LARGES
\$2.00 LARGES
\$3.00 LARGES
\$4.00 LARGES
\$5.00 LARGES



WHY TREASURES ARE HARD TO GET

IN the waters around Silver Shoals, 100 miles off the east coast of America, lies \$100,000,000 in gold, silver, pearls, emeralds, and other treasures. This hoard is in the holds of 16 Spanish galleons which were driven upon Silver Shoals and sent to the bottom with the loss of all hands in a hurricane in 1637. Fifty years later, \$2,000,000 worth was recovered, but several attempts since then have left the remaining treasures untouched.

Just a few miles off Palm Beach, Florida, the galleon *Santa Margarita* was discovered with a \$7,000,000 cargo of silver by a diver inspecting a telegraph cable. He returned two years later with an expedition to get the silver. In the midst of the work, a hurricane shifted the ocean bottom so that the galleon was covered with sand and lost to sight. The \$7,000,000 fortune is still waiting.

Within shouting distance of the foot of 135th Street in New York City lies the wreck of the British ship *Hussar*, carrying from two to \$4,000,000 in her watery hold. The ship was carrying pay for the British army during the Revolutionary War when she foundered in the treacherous currents of the East River. The wreck has been spotted—and lost—several times, and dishes and ornaments with the name *Hussar* on them have been recovered, but no one has ever collected the redcoats' wages.

On Oak Island, Nova Scotia, a shaft has

been sunk 100 feet below the surface of the ground through a series of protective wooden bulkheads. Parts of a gold chain brought up by a drill which has penetrated a treasure chamber prove that something valuable is hidden there. But despite the most strenuous efforts of four parties of gold-seekers, the treasure still rests within the earth.

On Cocos Island, in the Pacific, are buried three separate treasure-troves: one the gains of the sackings of the cities of South America by a fleet of pirates, who left their loot because it was too heavy to transport home; a second the result of the stealing of the treasures of the Cathedral of Lima by the captain of the ship who was supposedly carrying it to safety; a third the rewards of piracy by this same captain.

For over 100 years, treasure-hunters of all sorts have swarmed over the island. College professors, retired businessmen, soldiers-of-fortune, hobos—all have sought the treasure. But all that has ever been found is a 1788 doubloon, discovered by a German who spent 30 years on Cocos Island looking for the treasure.

Why have so many treasure hunts been failures? Why do so many people set out with high hopes, only to return without hope and without treasure? There are three big reasons: lack of knowledge, lack of money, bad luck.

Under lack of knowledge comes the foolishness of people who set out to look for buried or sunken treasure without the experience of an engineer or diver to help them. These are needed to give expert advice on how to recover the treasure. Without such advice, the amateur treasure-seeker can lose his life as well as the gold.

Experienced sailors are needed to spot sunken ships. Even in the crystal-clear waters of the tropics, it's hard to recognize a ship when it's encrusted with lime and coral and sea-plants. These sailors are needed also to tell you where in the ship to look for the treasure—for a million dollars in gold takes up a space only about one foot high, wide, and deep!

People who don't know enough about the history of the treasure are often fooled by fake maps. These are often made to look old by chisellers who sell them to gullible persons. Generally, you need real historical knowledge to tell which are real and which are fake.

In one case, for example, a map to the Cocos Island treasure turned up. It was supposed to have been drawn by the captain who buried the cathedral treasures there. An amateur bought it for a large sum, and showed it to an experienced treasure-hunter, inviting him to join in the search for the gold. The treasure-hunter had only to glance at it to see that it was a fake.

The captain's signature was spelled wrong; the name of the ship wasn't spelled as the captain usually spelled it; the map was signed by the "Captain" of the ship whereas any true seaman would have signed it "Master." It takes long practice and a lot of knowledge to spot clues like that.

Lack of money is another reason why treasure hunts fail. People do not realize that it takes almost a fortune to win a fortune. Looking for sunken treasure is not cheap if you want

to do it so that you have a real chance to get the gold.

You need to charter a boat, hire a crew to sail it, install extra equipment to raise the treasure, employ divers, rent their equipment, buy food and fuel, and clear official papers. The equipment comes to \$2000, and once you're operating on the seas costs average \$5000 a month. Counting a \$3000 reserve for the extras which always come up, you'll need at least \$20,000 to spend in a three months' hunt for sunken treasure!

You can get the right knowledge, you can get enough money, but one thing you can never be sure of beating is bad luck. This bad luck, or jinx, seems to affect every buried or sunken treasure. Just as you think you have it, something happens to keep you from it

An expedition looking for the Silver Shoals fortune was wrecked in a hurricane. The diver trying to get the *Santa Margarita* hoard lost the ship under shifting sands. Things you'd never guess could happen, do happen. Who'd dream that a shaft you were digging would fill with water overnight?

Yet that's what happened to an Oak Island group. It's eerie, and no treasure seems quite free of the jinx. To the superstitious, it's almost as though the ghosts of the people who buried the treasure—or who drowned with it—are keeping it for themselves.

All this isn't to say that treasures can't be found. Some have turned up, but most of these were accidental finds. If you want to go out and dig for buried treasure, it'll take a lot more than a strong back, common sense, and a shovel. You'll need know-how, you'll need money, and you'll need a charm to break the jinx—or the guts to lick it!

by David Kahn

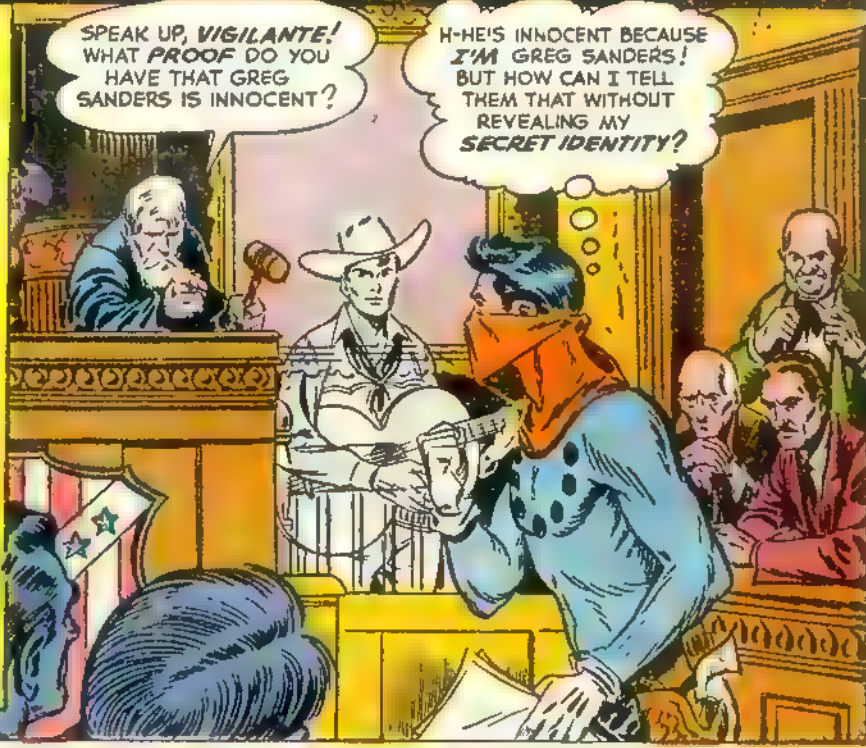
VIGILANTE

WHEN THE HAND OF THE LAW SUDDENLY LEVELS AN ACCUSING FINGER AT GREG SANDERS, THE VIGILANTE FINDS HIMSELF TONGUE-TIED AND HELPLESS! FOR THOUGH THE GUARDIANS OF WESTERN JUSTICE DO NOT REALIZE IT, THEY HAVE UNWITTINGLY FORCED THE RIDER OF THE PURPLE SAGE INTO A SITUATION THAT SOON FINDS...

The
VIGILANTE
VS.
The
PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!

SPEAK UP, VIGILANTE! WHAT PROOF DO YOU HAVE THAT GREG SANDERS IS INNOCENT?

H-HE'S INNOCENT BECAUSE I'M GREG SANDERS! BUT HOW CAN I TELL THEM THAT WITHOUT REVEALING MY SECRET IDENTITY?

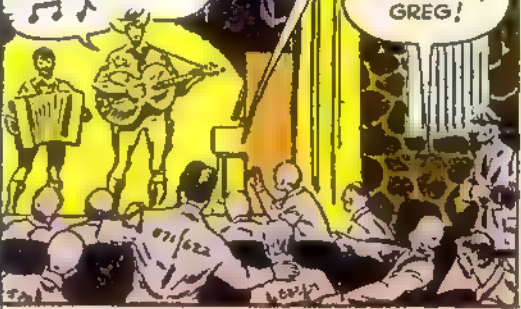


AS THE VIGILANTE, IN HIS EVERYDAY ROLE OF GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, ENTERTAINS THE INMATES OF RED DUST PRISON...

OH, I'VE ROAMED EACH EASTERN CITY BUT THE RANGE I SURE DO MISS...

YAHOO! THAT SANDERS IS SURE A RING-TAILED WHIZZER!

HIT 'ER UP, GREG!

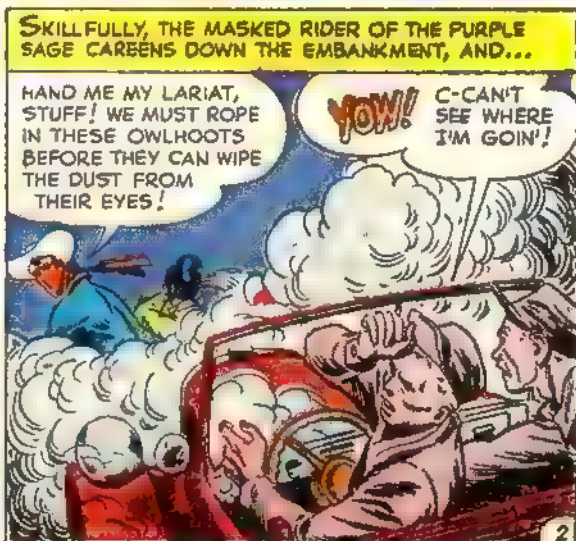
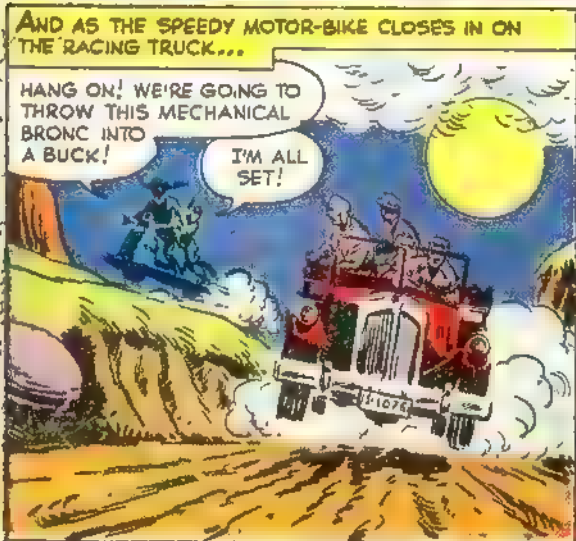
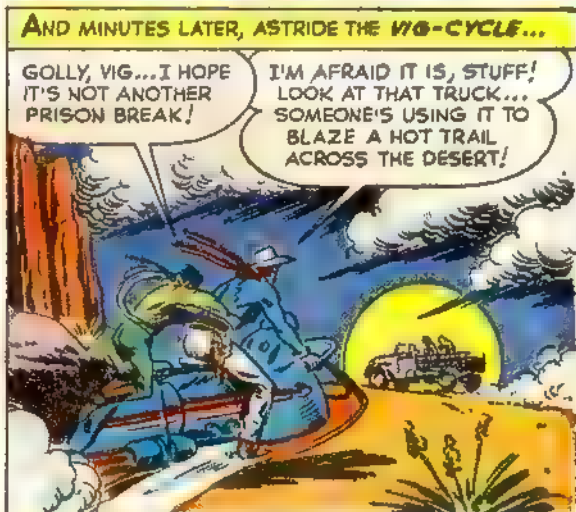
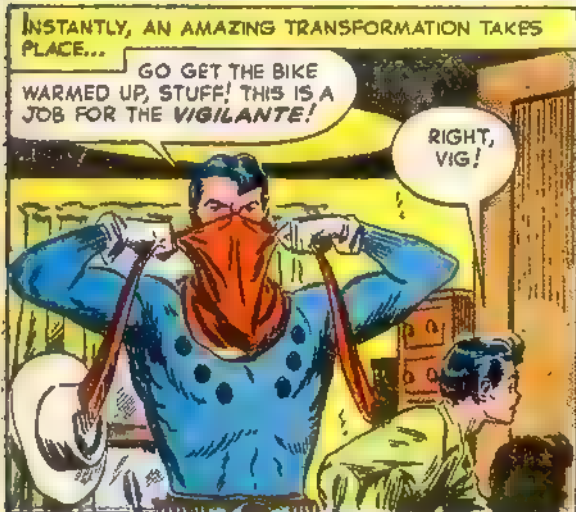


AND WHEN THE PERFORMANCE IS OVER...

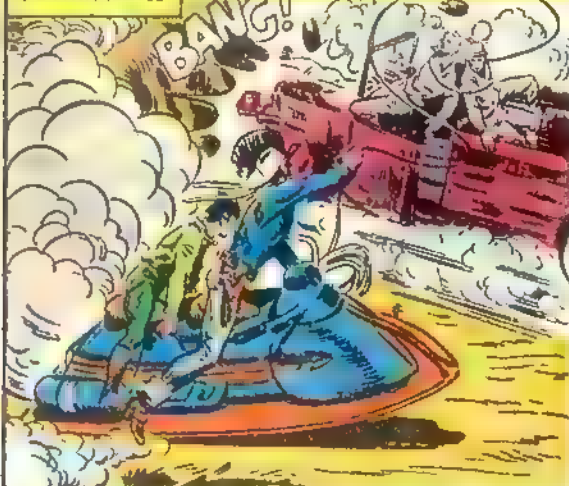
THANK YOU, SANDERS... THAT'S A FINE BIT OF WORK YOU'RE DOING, TOURING LOCAL PRISONS! YOU'VE BUILT UP THE INMATES' SPIRIT-- HELPED MAKE THEM INTO BETTER CITIZENS!

I HOPE SO, WARDEN! I'M JUST SORRY THERE HAD TO BE A BREAK AT THE LAST PRISON WE VISITED, RIGHT AFTER WE LEFT... SORT OF TAKES THE FUN OUT OF IT!





A DEFT TOSS COMPLETES THE ESCAPING CONVICTS' DOWNFALL...



AND ON THE WAY BACK TO THE PRISON...

VIGILANTE!

HELLO, WARDEN! RAN INTO A FEW OF YOUR BOYS TRYING TO PLAY HOOKEY!



WHEW! SURE GLAD YOU GOT 'EM! SOMEHOW THEY MANAGED TO GET HOLD OF A MASTER KEY TO THE CELLS... THEY BROKE RIGHT THROUGH THE GATES IN THE PRISON TRUCK!

WELL, STUFF AND I HAD TO HAND THEM A LITTLE ROPE MEDICINE, BUT THEY'RE TAME AS PRAIRIE KITTENS NOW!

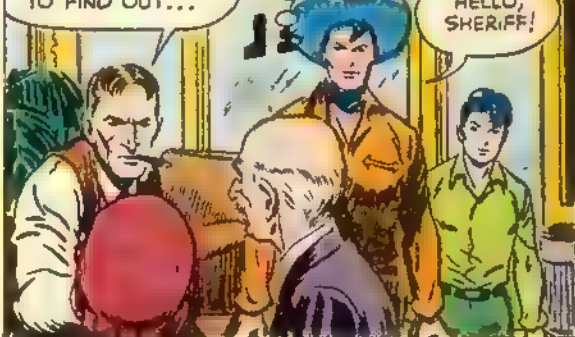


NEXT DAY, AS GREG ARRIVES AT HIS NEXT STOPPING PLACE...

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURE, AND IF I HAVE TO GET THE VIGILANTE TO HELP ME, I AIM TO FIND OUT...

HMM...THERE'S SHERIFF WALTON--AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE A PROBLEM FOR THE VIG!

HELLO, SHERIFF!



GREG SANDERS! HMPH!

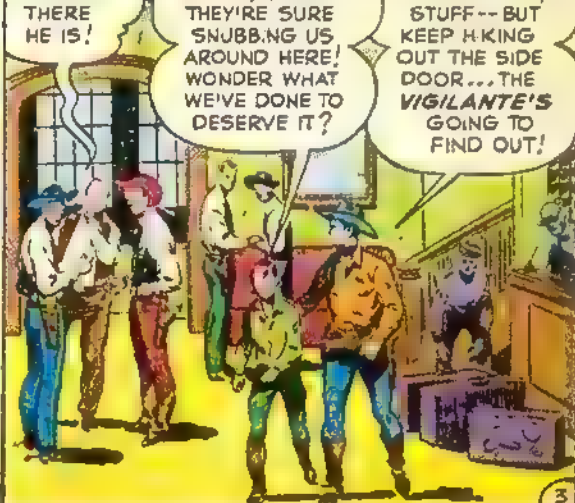
WHAT IN THUNDER...??



PSST... THERE HE IS!

OUCH, GREG-- THEY'RE SURE SNUBBING US AROUND HERE! WONDER WHAT WE'VE DONE TO DESERVE IT?

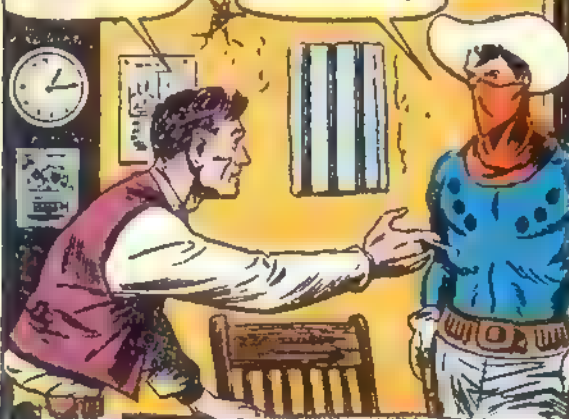
DON'T KNOW, STUFF-- BUT KEEP HIKING OUT THE SIDE DOOR...THE VIGILANTE'S GOING TO FIND OUT!



AN HOUR LATER, AT SHERIFF WALTON'S OFFICE...

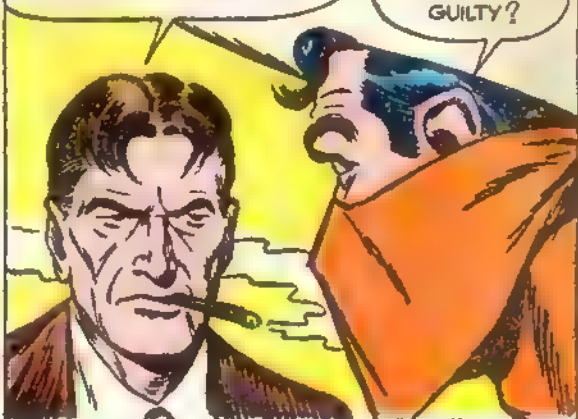
VIGILANTE!
I'M SURE GLAD
TO SEE YOU!

HOWDY, SHERIFF...UNDERSTAND
YOU'RE KEEN ON HAVING A
CHAT WITH ME!



VIG, I'D LIKE YOU TO ROUND UP
PROOF AGAINST GREG SANDERS!
I SUSPECT HIM OF ENGINEER-
ING THOSE PRISON BREAKS
AT ELKTON AND RED DUST!

GREG SANDERS?
SUFFERIN'
HANNAH!--WHAT
MAKES YOU
THINK HE'S
GUILTY?



HE HAD FREE ENTRANCE TO
BOTH PRISONS, JUST BEFORE
EACH BREAK! HE COUL'DVE
GOTTEN THAT CELL KEY INTO
RED DUST, AND HE COUL'DVE
SLIPPED THE INFORMATION
INTO ELKTON THAT TOLD
THEM ABOUT THE OLD
DRAINPIPE THEY GOT
OUT THROUGH!

RECKON THAT
IS POSSIBLE,
SHERIFF, BUT
GREG SANDERS
IS A MIGHTY
RELIABLE MAN!



JUST WHAT I THOUGHT TILL WE GOT THIS NOTE
OFF AN OUTLAW WE SHOT DEAD! TAKE A
LOOK--SEE... SANDERS' NAME IS ON IT--
A FELLA NOBODY WOULD EVER SUSPECT!



LATER, AS THE ASTONISHED LAWMAN SHOWS HIS
YOUNG PAL THE NOTE...

"MAKE CONTACT G. SANDERS
11 P.M., FESTIVAL HALL--
PRISON ARRANGEMENTS MADE."

MORE THAN THAT,
STUFF... AS I
WENT IN AND
OUT OF THOSE
PRISONS FREELY,
I COULD HAVE
SMUGGLED A KEY
OR A NOTE IN!

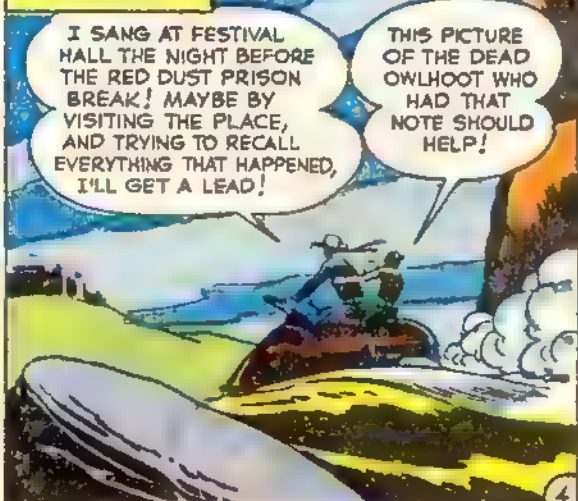
BUT, GREG...WHY WOULD AN
OWLHOOT CARRY A NOTE LIKE
THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE THE
PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR IS
A PAL OF HIS!



PRESENTLY...

I SANG AT FESTIVAL
HALL THE NIGHT BEFORE
THE RED DUST PRISON
BREAK! MAYBE BY
VISITING THE PLACE,
AND TRYING TO RECALL
EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED,
I'LL GET A LEAD!

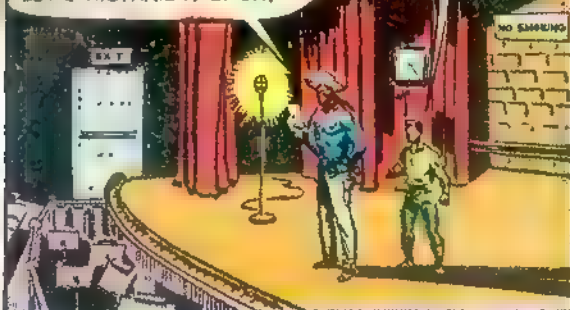
THIS PICTURE
OF THE DEAD
OWLHOOT WHO
HAD THAT
NOTE SHOULD
HELP!



RETURNING TO FESTIVAL HALL, THE **VIGILANTE** SLOWLY, CAREFULLY RETRACES HIS MOVEMENTS UNTIL...

STUFF! NOW I REMEMBER THIS OWLHOOT'S FACE! HE CAME UP AND SPOKE TO ME WHEN I FINISHED PLAYING! RECKON HE **DID** SEEM A LITTLE TOO INTERESTED IN ME! LET'S HIGHTAIL IT BACK!

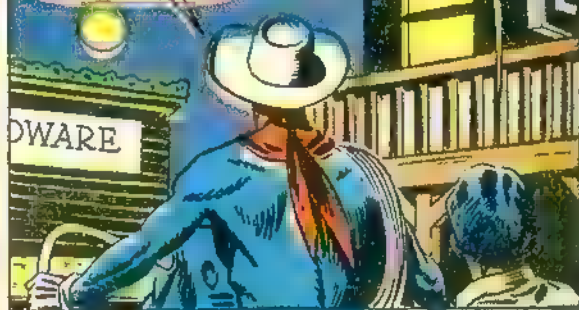
SURE THING, VIG!



BUT WHEN THEY RETURN TO THEIR HOTEL IN CLEMSON CITY...

OH, OH... NO CHANGING BACK TO GREG SANDERS THIS TIME, STUFF! THAT LIGHT'S IN OUR ROOM... WE'VE GOT SOME OWLHOOTS TO RECKON WITH!

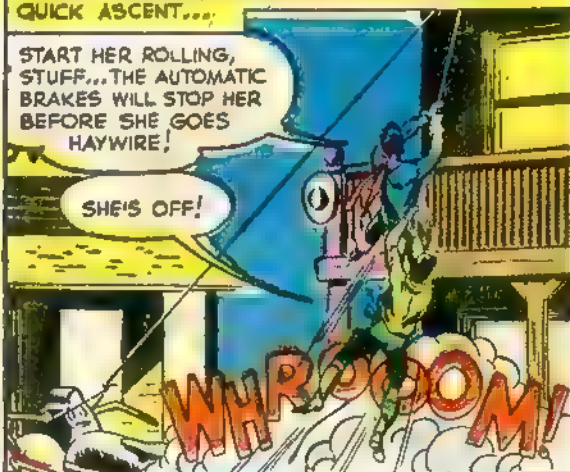
LET'S GO GET 'EM!



WITHIN SECONDS, THE PAIR RIGS UP A MEANS OF QUICK ASCENT...

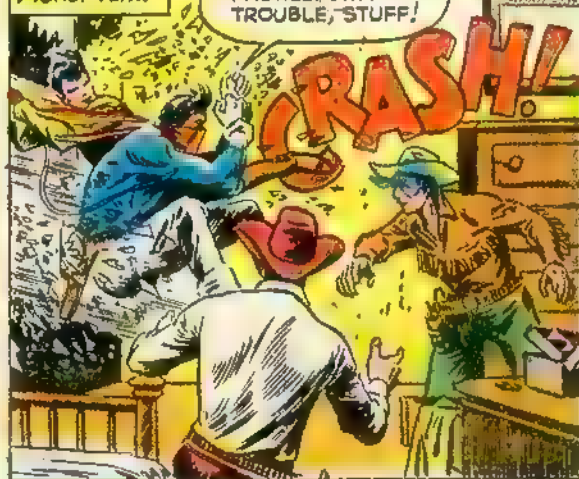
START HER ROLLING, STUFF... THE AUTOMATIC BRAKES WILL STOP HER BEFORE SHE GOES HAYWIRE!

SHE'S OFF!



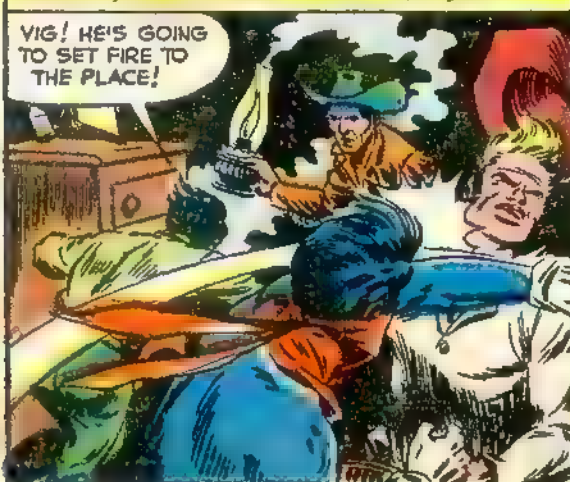
ABRUPTLY...

PROWLERS... FOR TROUBLE, STUFF!



AS THE VIGILANTE MOVES FOR THE BIGGEST OWLHOOT, THE SECOND ONE STEPS ASIDE, AND...

VIG! HE'S GOING TO SET FIRE TO THE PLACE!



BUT STUFF'S WARNING COMES TOO LATE...

THEY'RE MAKING A BREAK, VIG!

FORGET THEM! THE HOTEL WILL GO UP LIKE A TINDER BOX IF WE DON'T STOP THIS FIRE!



SOON...

WELL, WE LOST
OUR OWLHOOTS,
BUT THE FIRE'S
OUT!

IT'S THE BEST OF THE
BARGAIN! WE'LL RUN
INTO THEM QUICKER
THAN A NEW HOTEL CAN
BE BUILT! I'VE GOT
A PLAN IN MIND!



NEXT MORNING, THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF VISIT
WARDEN BRENT AT CLEMSON PRISON...

ALL RIGHT, VIGILANTE...
IT'S CONTRARY TO PRISON
RULES, BUT I'LL LET YOU
HAVE THE RUN OF
CLEMSON PRISON
FOR 24 HOURS!

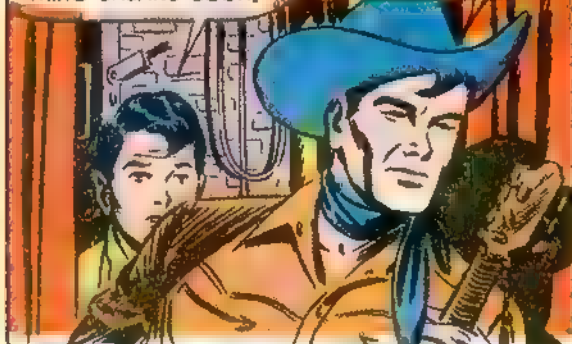
THANKS, WARDEN...I'M
SURE I CAN CLEAR
MY GOOD FRIEND,
GREG SANDERS,
BY THEN!



THAT EVENING, AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR
PREPARES TO ENTERTAIN THE PRISON INMATES...

GOSH, GREG...I HAVEN'T
SPOTTED A SUSPICIOUS
MOVE YET! HOPE SOME-
THING BREAKS SOON!

JUST KEEP YOUR
EYES AND EARS
PEELED, STUFF!



BUT AS THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS...

THUNDERATION!
WHAT'S WRONG,
GREG?

I-I DON'T KNOW, STUFF...
SEEMS MY GUITAR IS
OUT OF TUNE!



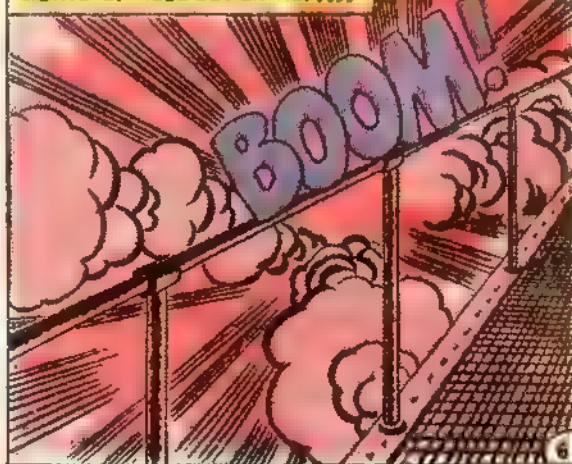
AND AS GREG CLOSELY INSPECTS THE STRINGS
OF HIS GUITAR...

LEAPING COYOTES! I
THINK I'VE GOT THE ANSWER
TO THIS CRAZY RIDDLE,
STUFF! KEEP YOUR WEATHER
EYE ON THE GUITAR CASE
OFF-STAGE!

SURE THING, P.T.!
THERE'S A CONVICT
LOITERING
AROUND IT
RIGHT NOW!



LATE THAT EVENING, AFTER THE PRISONERS HAVE
RETURNED TO THEIR CELLS, A BLINDING FLASH
LIGHTS UP CELL BLOCK NO.7...



THEN, TWO CONVICTS SCAMPER UP A DRAINPIPE AT THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE YARD, AND CRAWL ALONG THE WALL...

AND AS THE FLEEING CONVICTS DESCEND THE WALL TO JOIN THEIR FRIENDS...

THERE THEY ARE NOW, WILLIE... GET THE HORSES READY!

HURRY UP, YOU TWO! THOSE GUARDS WILL BE OUT HERE THICKER'N FLIES IN TWO SHAKES!

SUDDENLY...

HUH? IT'S A TRAP!

VIGILANTE!

I HAD A NOTION WE'D MEET UP WITH THESE TWO CRITTERS AGAIN! LET'S GO, STUFF!

WAAHOO! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN HOGTYIN' JACK RABBITS, VIG!

MAYBE SO--BUT A BIT MORE DANGEROUS, STUFF!

SNIP!

I'M AFRAID YOU HOMBRES WILL BE STAYING IN THIS AREA FOR QUITE A SPELL!

AFTERWARD, WHEN THE OUTLAWS HAVE BEEN RETURNED TO THEIR CELLS...

YOUR HUNCH PAID OFF, VIGILANTE... BUT HOW IN THUNDER DID YOU GET WORD OF THE BREAK?

GREG SANDERS BELIEVED HE WAS BEING USED TO TRANSPORT VARIOUS ITEMS TO BREAK JAIL, WARDEN--SO LATER, WHEN I NOTICED ONE OF YOUR INMATES, EDDIE MEANS, SNOOPING AROUND SANDERS' GUITAR CASE DURING THE SHOW...



ACTION COMICS



"...I DECIDED TO PAY HIM A VISIT IN HIS CELL..."

ALL RIGHT, MEANS... I WANT THAT CHARGE OF EXPLOSIVE YOU TOOK FROM SANDERS' GUITAR CASE, PRONTO!

EXPLOSIVE? Y-YOU'RE CRAZY!

"BUT MOMENTS LATER, AFTER WE HAD SEARCHED MEANS..."

GOSH, VIG... A VIAL OF NITRO! BUT HOW IN HELL DID YOU GET WISE TO IT?

SOME OF THE LIQUID SPILLED ON THE GUITAR STRINGS, STUFF, AND THE ACID IN IT THREW THE INSTRUMENT OUT OF PITCH-- REMEMBER? RECKON THIS IS THE LAST TIME THEY'LL BE USING THAT CASE TO SMUGGLE IN EXPLOSIVES!

YOU KNOW THE REST, WARDEN... WE LEARNED THE OUTLAWS' ESCAPE PLAN FROM MEANS, AND STUFF AND I TOOK THEIR PLACES!

ONE MORE THING, **VIGILANTE**... WHY WOULD A GANG, WHICH HAD NO CONNECTION WITH THESE CONVICTS, RISK THEIR LIVES TO SPRING THEM FROM JAIL?

THE CONVICTS SELECTED TO BE FREED WERE ALL NOTORIOUS ROBBERS, WARDEN-- MEN WHO HAD LOOT STASHED AWAY OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS! THEIR ESCAPE MEANT A BIG REWARD FOR WHOEVER HELPED THEM!

THUNDERATION! RECKON I OWE GREG SANDERS AN APOLOGY-- THINKIN' HE WAS IN ON ALL THE BREAKS! HE'S MIGHTY LUCKY TO HAVE A FRIEND LIKE YOU, **VIGILANTE**!

The End

ADVERTISEMENT

WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION

SPARKS YOU!

AND CHAMPIONS CHOOSE



CLUE CARTOON

Can you solve it?

3 8-LETTER
WORDS CAN BE SPELLED
USING ALL 8 LETTERS
SHOWN, IN EACH WORD.
THE CLUE CARTOON WILL
LEAD YOU TO THE FIRST
WORD YOU ARE SEEKING.
FOR THE SOLUTION TO THE
OTHERS, YOU ARE STRICTLY
ON YOUR OWN. REMEMBER
NOW, GIVE IT A GOOD TRY
AND NO FAIR PEEKING AT
THE ANSWER!

The ANSWER

G I R L I D N E S

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HURRY! GET YOUR BEAUTIFUL

U.S. MILITARY RING

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OFFICIAL MILITARY INSIGNIA!

SO EASY TO GET!

They're real beauties! Finished in shiny nickel that won't tarnish! Wear the official insignia of your brother, relative, friend, sweetheart in service. Be the envy of your neighborhood! Send to Smith Brothers, Box 560, Providence, R. I.

BRACELET ONLY 20¢

RING ONLY 20¢

BOTH FOR ONLY 35¢

AND ONE SMITH BROTHERS BOX FRONT FOR EACH ITEM ORDERED

SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS

AND THE
BEST-TASTING COUGH
DROPS, TOO!

I am enclosing 20¢ ☐ 35¢ ☐ and the front cover of one ☐ two ☐ Smith Brothers box(es), any flavor, for which please send me RING ☐ BRACELET ☐ BOTH ☐.

Indicate wrist size for BRACELET: REGULAR ☐ LARGE ☐ CHOICE OF INSIGNIA: ARMY ☐ NAVY ☐ AIR FORCE ☐ MARINE CORPS ☐

Send to Smith Bros., Box 560, Providence, R. I.

NAME _____
(please print with pencil)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

HQTOWNC HQT UWE-
EGUU: AQW ECP FQ
KV KH AQW VTA QP-
EG OQTG.

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

JAN.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

SUPERBOY says

"SHARE WITH OTHERS!"



"MOST OF THE CHILDREN IN OUR VILLAGE HAD TO GO BAREFOOTED, EVEN IN WEATHER LIKE THIS. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY A BIG BOX CAME..."



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NEW DOUBLE GIFT IDEA!

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AND
A JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP
IN THE
NATIONAL RIFLE
ASSOCIATION**

Here's a new way to get Dad to buy you a Daisy Air Rifle for Christmas! Tell him to get you a junior membership in the famous National Rifle Association with your Christmas Daisy! Isn't that swell? Then you can take part in the national NRA junior program for air rifle owners . . . learn to shoot properly, safely under adult supervision . . . and earn official NRA medals, awards. Dad should like this new "Double Gift" idea!

ME HOPE
YOU GETTUM
DAISY FOR
CHRISTMAS.
NOW READUM
AD! — *Little
Beaver*

**THE FAMOUS
DAISY 1000-SHOT
RED RYDER
COWBOY CARBINE**
LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, N. Y.

Get this husky, improved, DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE for Christmas! Looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. RIFLE ALONE, only \$5.50. Or get Daisy's TARGET OUTFIT containing RED RYDER CARBINE with 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE BB'S; MANUAL, only \$7.95.

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RIFLE
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No. 311
COMPLETE
SET
\$7.95

**DAD! DON'T BUY YOUR BOY AND GIRL A DAISY
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